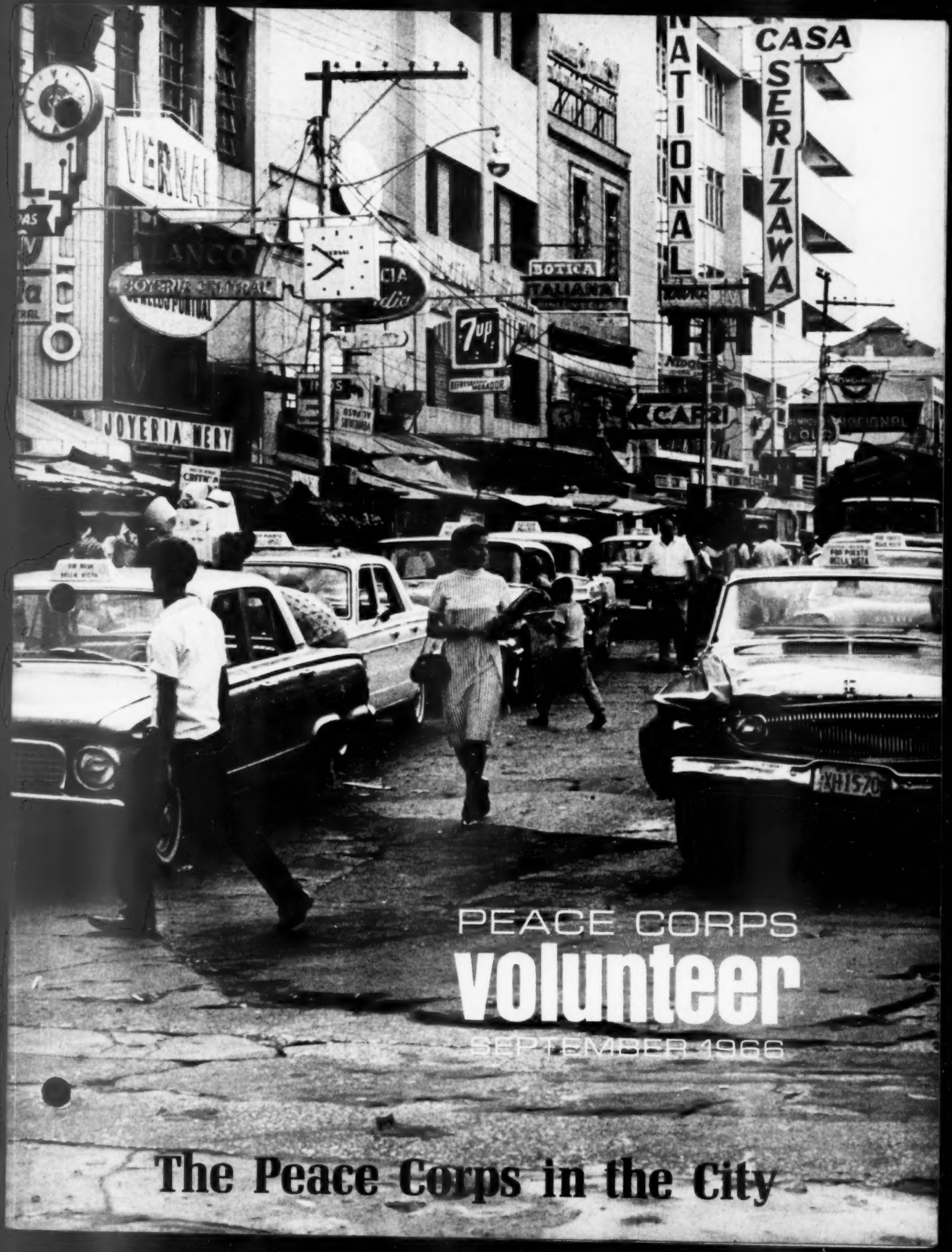
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volunteer
SEPTEMBER 1966
The Peace Corps in the City

Peace Corps lions play havoc with flight plan

Lots of people in the Peace Corps knew that Percy was friendly. Jane Campbell, an associate director in Ethiopia, knew it. Percy was her pet. Director Jack Vaughn knew it. He milk fed Percy during his visit to Addis Ababa last spring. Carl Purcell, the Peace Corps photographer, knew it. He took the above picture of Miss Campbell and Percy.

But nobody on the freight flight above Belgium or at the Brussels airport knew it, and nobody from the Peace Corps was available to tell them how friendly Percy really is.

Consequently, pilot Paul Wuhrman had a bad moment at 14,000 feet above sea level when he found Percy licking his boots and Olaf and Little Sheba, Percy's lion mates, peering at him through the curtain between the cockpit and the fuselage of his plane.

Suddenly, the control tower at the airport heard the cry: "Brussels, Brussels, can I make an emergency landing? I have three lions in my cockpit!" According to one press report, the operator thought it was a joke and shot back: "Just stick them in your gas tank." At that, Wuhrman coaxed a roar out of one of the lions, convincing the tower that he was, indeed, not joking.

Wuhrman made a top priority landing and heavy nets were thrown over the cockpit to prevent the lions from following the crew out. Police armed with submachine guns and firemen with axes and hoses watched in silence as a zoologist, armed with a broomstick and a net, gently placed the lonesome trio back in their crates.

Back in Addis Ababa, Miss Campbell was relieved. "I'm delighted to learn they're safe," she said. "I was terribly worried that they would be mistreated." Then she explained: "All the cubs wanted was comfort and human company, and that's why they entered the cockpit—to say hello to the pilot."

Percy and Olaf are nine months old; Little Sheba is only 2½ months old.

The trio was enroute to an estate near London where they have joined 40 other lions. Miss Campbell, who donated them to the estate owners, Lord and Lady Bath, calls them "completely tame and friendly."

Volunteers sought for research jobs

Former Volunteers will have a chance to conduct field work leading toward a Ph.D. and at the same time help the Peace Corps learn more about itself under a new agency research program.

The program seeks to enlist former Volunteers who are studying for a doctorate in the social and behavioral sciences to do research related to Peace Corps selection, training or field problems. Most of the researchers would work in the country or area of the world in which they served as Volunteers. Living costs, travel ex-

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ON THE COVER: Volunteer correspondent Donald Anderson took this photo of his wife, Jan, walking through the central outdoor market in Maracaibo, Venezuela. Mrs. Anderson was on her way to change cabs. She takes four taxis on a round trip to and from the school where she works.

penses and tuition would either be shared by the former Volunteer, the Peace Corps and the university or paid entirely by the university and the Peace Corps.

"Former Volunteers obviously would have a considerable head start over other researchers because of their understanding of the Peace Corps and its problems," said Charles Peters, Director of Evaluation and Research. "Having experienced these problems first hand, they would have a deep personal interest in trying to help us solve them."

Applicants should write to Peters at the Peace Corps, Washington, D.C. 20525. He is interested in hearing from Volunteers nearing the end of their service who plan to attend graduate school as well as those already in school.

Before writing, each applicant should, if possible, discuss the matter with his department head or faculty adviser to determine if Peace Corps research fits the applicant's graduate program and to get a preliminary indication of the university's interest in joining with the Peace Corps in financial support of the research.

Peters says that during the coming year Peace Corps research will concentrate on: (1) studies of what the main kinds of programs are actually accomplishing and how they can be made more effective; (2) studies designed to produce text and case material for training that would illumine the cross-cultural problems of doing specific jobs in the countries in which the Peace Corps serves; (3) studies of Volunteers who have failed either in training or overseas for the purpose of improving the predicting ability of the Peace Corps selection process.

Thumb helps

A handful of travel vouchers showed up at Peace Corps headquarters during July with "thumb" listed as the mode of travel. They came from trainees who had hitchhiked themselves around the airline strike.

The strike grounded hundreds of trainees, overseas-bound Volunteers and staff during the busy summer travel season when Peace Corps comings and goings are at a peak. Even so, Volunteer travel chief Monna Halley reported that during the first three weeks of the strike 15 groups of prospective Volunteers made it to their training sites, and 8 groups of Volunteers made it overseas.

An international operation

After an auto accident which left him paralyzed from the waist down, Laouli Garba, 26, thought he would not walk again. One day last January, Volunteer Pat Berry (shown with Garba above), a nursing instructor, discovered him chinning himself on a windowsill of a Niamey, Niger, hospital. She obtained an orthopedic exercise bar for him, then asked the Peace Corps doctor, David Nicholas, where she could find special braces and crutches for the injured truck driver. Nicholas became interested in the case, and wrote to one of his former professors about it. The professor referred the facts to Dr. Thomas Hines at the Gaylord Hospital, Wallingford, Conn., who said Garba's spine could be fused and that the hospital would be glad to do it. Volunteers in Niger and the Connecticut Conference of the United Church of Christ financed Garba's round-trip ticket to the U.S., and President Hamani Diori donated a wheel chair. After his arrival, Garba underwent a seven-hour spinal operation. Finally, preparations were made for him to walk, and in the picture below he is shown standing for the first time in more than six months. While learning to walk with special braces and crutches, Garba has also learned a trade, tailoring, which he will pursue once he recovers in Niger.

Photos by Paul Marsalano

Two Volunteers die

One Volunteer died in a fall in Nepal and another drowned off the Caribbean island of St. Lucia during July.

Thomas J. Hassett, 22, who had been a community development worker in Nepal for almost a year, was found dead along a mountain trail on July 20, eight days after he was seen leaving his site to take the trail to visit another Volunteer.

An investigation showed that Hassett had apparently suffered fatal injuries in a fall from the Himalayan trail. Hassett's body was found about 4½ hours walking time from his work site in Gurkha, which is some 30 miles northwest of Kathmandu, the capital. The death was ruled accidental.

James S. Redmann, 25, drowned while on a picnic with two other Volunteers on the west coast of St. Lucia, British West Indies, on July 26. One of the other Volunteers tried unsuccessfully to revive him after pulling him in from rough seas. The accident occurred near Babonneau, where Redmann trained elementary teachers.

Both of the dead Volunteers joined the Peace Corps in the summer of 1965. Hassett, of Utica, N.Y., was a graduate of Syracuse University, and is survived by his parents and two brothers. He was buried in Kathmandu, and a tape recording of a nondenominational memorial service in Nepal was played at a memorial service for him in Utica on July 30.

Memorial services for Redmann were held in St. Lucia and his hometown, Minot, N.D., with burial in Minot. He was a graduate of Minot State College and is survived by his parents and a sister.

New chief psychiatrist

Dr. Vincent D'Andrea has been appointed Chief Psychiatrist of the Peace Corps, succeeding Dr. Joseph English, who has become Deputy Assistant Director for Health Affairs in the Office of Economic Opportunity.

Dr. D'Andrea assisted in several early Peace Corps training programs and was later a consultant for Far East programs. He joined the medical division two years ago and has been Deputy Chief Psychiatrist for the past year.

His deputy will be Dr. Charles O'Connor, a career fellow of the National Institute of Mental Health, who has been with the psychiatric branch for a year.

THE SHOW WENT ON: Though the leading man came down with hepatitis, Afghanistan Volunteers went ahead with a three-night stand of "The Fantasticks" in Kabul. Here are three of the players hamming it up in the musical directed by Bernice Stortzman. From left: Mike Albin, narrator Craig Shulstad and Steve Gallen.

Photo by Joe Rollinson

Ideas sought for two-year goals

The Peace Corps now has a worldwide suggestion box.

In a recent staff memorandum, Director Jack Vaughn asked the whole agency—including Volunteers, overseas staff, trainees, training staff and former Volunteers—to submit new ideas and goals for the next two years.

"We are interested not only in new ideas for the operation of the Peace Corps itself," Vaughn wrote, "but also new ideas rising out of the Peace Corps' experience that may be pertinent to American programs generally, especially in the field of overseas development, including ideas for the full utilization of former Volunteers."

Ideas or proposals should be submitted in writing to Harris Wofford, Associate Director at-large, Peace Corps, Washington, D.C. 20525.

Trainee shot

One Peace Corps trainee was killed and two were wounded in a massacre at the University of Texas August 1.

Thomas A. Ashton, 22, was one of 16 persons fatally wounded by shots from a sniper who picked out random targets on the Austin campus from a perch atop the university tower. Ashton was walking across the campus when the sniper opened fire.

Wounded slightly in the barrage were David K. Mattson, 24, of Minneapolis, and Roland C. Ehlke, 22, of Milwaukee.

All three of the victims were members of a group training to be English teachers in Iran, and had been at the university since June 22. There were 77 members in the group. Trainees bound for Afghanistan and Turkey were also on the campus at the time.

Ashton, the oldest of seven children, joined the Peace Corps last spring following his graduation from the University of Southern California. He was from Redlands, Calif.

The sniper terrorized the campus for 80 minutes, killing 14 persons and wounding 30 before he was slain by police bullets on a ledge of the 307-foot tower.

The Peace Corps in the city

A folklore in the Peace Corps holds that happiness is a rural, isolated, unacculturated village where human energies flourish once they are tapped by a Volunteer.

This myth was born five years ago when the first Volunteers overseas reported that they were not only surviving in the boondocks but were encouraging change and enjoying their lives. It persists even today, when about one out of every three Volunteers, or more than 3,000 members of the Peace Corps, live and work in urban settings.

The folklore of the Mud Hut Mainstream holds that service in a capital or large city is not Peace Corps-ish; that somehow a Volunteer has not experienced the "real Peace Corps" unless he has met and mastered a challenge in a remote corner of the developing world.

In many areas where the Peace Corps is at work, a vast cultural gap separates an urban elite from rural masses, and to a considerable extent this gap also pervades the Peace Corps. As Gary Engelberg writes from Dakar, Senegal: "There are two kinds of Volunteers here; the Senegal Volunteer and the Dakar Volunteer."

The rural Volunteer has traditionally held several advantages over his urban counterpart. In the countryside he is more easily identified by nationals as an individual, a Volunteer, an American; the city Volunteer faces anonymity amid the masses, and even among Volunteers. The rural Volunteer more often finds himself in a position to create or to inspire new institutions, while the urban Volunteer more often winds up reinforcing existing institutions, or even combatting them. And the Volunteer in the bush or *campo* finds his environment more closely resembling the image of the Peace Corps as he thought it would be—rugged living among traditional people in exotic surroundings. This is the Peace Corps, as Harvey Clayton in Accra, Ghana, puts it, with the "out-there-amongst-them" spirit.

Language is another variable. Panama country director David Boubion says flatly, "language is much more important in the city than in the country." Yet generally

city Volunteers have been less proficient in language. One reason: they tend to cluster, and when they cluster, they speak English.

The Peace Corps has chalked up more tangible successes in the countryside, too. The Cornell Peru Report, for example, found greater Volunteer impact in less complex communities than in Andean cities. After anticipating that 70 per cent of all Peace Corps programs in Africa in 1971 will be rural-oriented, a recent program paper suggested that rural development is "an approach in harmony with the Peace Corps' experience."

Former Director Sargent Shriver once said: "Where we have difficulty overseas is not in a small village on the side of a mountain in a remote place in Colombia, but in Bogotá; it's not in Udon on the Laotian border in Thailand, but in Bangkok; it's not in the Philippine village of Talibon, but in Manila. Wherever the living is easy or the working conditions seem rather pleasant, that's where the Peace Corps runs into trouble."

Yet the Peace Corps is heavily involved in cities throughout the developing world. At one point there were 185 Volunteers working in Addis Ababa. There were 110 Volunteers in Kabul this summer. Bogotá, Monrovia, Bombay and other cities have had 50 or more Volunteers. Statistics through the fall of 1965 indicated that about one of every three Volunteers lived and worked in a city, and that about one of every seven Volunteers was based in a capital city.

Though the most publicized Volunteers in this large minority are employed in urban community development, the urban occupational table cuts across the program board to embrace university, secondary and elementary teachers; cooperative workers; doctors and nurses; health workers; recreation leaders and other specialties. Almost all Peace Corps secretaries, and most staff members, live and work in cities.

Urban community development programs, which now account for about one of every twelve Volunteers in the Peace Corps, are presently undergoing a thorough examination in the agency. Some Peace Corps officials contend that UCD projects have the most Volunteer dissatisfaction (as evidenced by a high attrition rate) and the least Volunteer accomplishment of any program. Director Jack Vaughn has acknowledged the problems in this area, and a conference has been called to discuss the Peace Corps application of UCD.

Seven of the contributors to this section are community development workers, but they tell only part of the city story. Nine of our writers are teachers, drawn from all levels, and the others include a recreation leader, a poultry consultant, a newspaper adviser and a secretary.

The combined population of the cities they write about is 27 million. The largest is Calcutta (estimated population 5,505,195); the smallest is Monrovia, Liberia (estimated 80,000).

We asked our writers to discuss their individual or group situations in the city; problems peculiar to urban Volunteers; Peace Corps policies and programs in the city, or other urban-related subjects. The result demonstrates that there is not one city experience, but many city experiences. This section is not intended to be representative of all urban Volunteers, or even representative of the cities discussed here. It is, rather, a sampling of Volunteer life and work from 20 large cities on three continents. Our writers have applied a variety of techniques to a variety of questions. Some treat their individual jobs and reactions; others have canvassed their fellow Volunteers. The result is "The Peace Corps in the City."

'Almost like home'

By **JUDY THELEN**

Maracaibo, Venezuela

"Ponga un tigre en su tanque" reads a gas station ad. In a city that once housed 8,000 Americans, one is also invited to "Shop at Sears and Save," to buy *pinturas* Sherwin-Williams and *cauchos* Goodyear and "tome Pepsi Cola."

In this atmosphere, one blond Peace Corps Volunteer is expendable. Possibly he is unique in his immediate neighborhood, but in the city he travels impersonally. He does not command a line of bewildered admirers when he walks through the streets; he's not offered the fruits of the village by devoted neighbors. The fact is, he's charged double and triple prices for the fruit and is the normal target for big city insults and the eternal "How are you, baby?" comment.

Maracaibo's population is half a million, including 3,000 North Americans. It is the shipping headquarters for a major oil field—Lake Maracaibo. The business of discovery and production of oil here has brought thousands of people to the country since World War II. They have come to make money. Europeans have saved for years to buy boat passages and make their lives in Venezuela. Colombians walk four days over the mountains to earn Venezuelan *bolivares* and be better able to support their families if and when they return.

A French technician, an Italian architect, a Venezuelan accountant and a Peace Corps Volunteer all have a wide choice of products in the shopping centers—Colgate toothpaste, English Lavender lotions, Reynolds Wrap, Campbell soup, Oscar Mayer weiners and Velveeta cheese. In some of Maracaibo's 25 theaters are the best movies from the States—Julie Andrews or "Our Man Flint." Maria Tallchief performed here one week and the African ballet the next. One can check out stereo records from the Casa Americana and buy *Time* magazine at the local newsstand just a couple of days behind regular delivery in Lincoln, Neb.

Almost like home. . . .

Your parents or friends can fly

down here for 17 days at less than $300 round trip. In two hours you can be in Miami. But two hours by jeep in the other direction is the Tucuco Indian Mission where five years ago priests were shot with bows and arrows.

If it's almost like home, what's the Peace Corps doing here?

What's the Peace Corps doing on the fourth floor of an apartment house, eating at an Italian restaurant and teaching in a new *liceo?*

But in this rich country of Venezuela, in the large cities, even with a high school of 2,500 students, in a university, in a YMCA, in a hospital and a prison, even with all the Rotary and Lions Clubs—there are needs. And the Peace Corps is working to help solve urban problems.

What gaps are there? In Maracaibo, the soccer association field was abandoned because it was overgrown with weeds and tends to flood; a large park was untouched for three years because of lack of personnel; a new swimming pool was unused because the filter system has broken down; students were out of school any day resembling a holiday; prisoners were sitting out their time learning no useful skills. The symbol here of developing too fast is the number of construction projects—hundreds—started and then abandoned with the concrete reinforcing rods standing bare, waiting for the second floor.

The Peace Corps fills a lot of personnel gaps in a city—as university instructors, as park directors while Venezuelans study in a training school, also staffed by Peace Corps. But since Volunteers blend among the masses in an urban assignment, the Peace Corps purpose and its personnel are perhaps less known. One girl was on the faculty of a *liceo* for three months before her counterparts knew she was an American, was working without pay, and didn't drive a car.

Demands for skills

Skill levels are high in a city job. Physical education programs are not run by hitting fungoes with a broken bat. The kids and city competition demand more of Volunteers. Giving a university lecture obviously demands a different style than teaching campfire songs to half naked youngsters who have never been to the first grade.

A girls dance class organized by one Volunteer preferred to do the "jerk" and "swim" rather than learn the more formal folk dances of other countries. They had learned all they wanted from the television show "Shindig." Another urban Volunteer worked with an acrobatic dance group that won national competition and later toured Europe.

City schools tend to get involved with big-scale elections and strikes, distractions to a normal education. A Maracaibo Volunteer was recently in his classroom when 20 boys marched in with drums and flags and demanded the platform for political announcements.

Twenty-five Volunteers are assigned to Maracaibo in cooperatives, the university, manual arts and physical education departments of the high school, the YMCA, hospitals and the prison. Theater arts and municipal government Volunteers may be added. Twenty-one Volunteers serve in Caracas, 12 in Barquisimeto, 12 in Valencia.

'If Volunteers feel guilty about this kind of life, they get over it or suppress it and get on with their work.'

Volunteers in Maracaibo and Caracas are paid 750 *bolivares* ($167); other Venezuela Volunteers get 700 ($156) monthly. In Maracaibo rent runs from 50 to 250 *bolivares;* a month's meals cost about 300. One Volunteer couple lives in a building in which the other apartments are occupied by an Austrian, a Cuban, a Swede, an Argentinean and two Venezuelans. Another lives in a concrete block duplex in a YMCA park behind a cyclone fence. They have mail, garbage, milk and dry cleaning service. Very few live with families and few live alone.

A number of the single Volunteer men rent the only Peace Corps "image" house the Maracaibo group can claim—in Santa Rosa de Agua. The house is on stilts over the lake. The water is undrinkable. Wash water is lugged in barrels to the roof. There's a boat on the porch and the toilet is a converted chair that reveals a straight down view of the lake.

In the smaller towns a *por puesto* (taxi in which you pay for one seat) costs the equivalent of a nickel, in Maracaibo a dime, in Caracas a quarter. The food in the country is cheap but regularly consists of yucca, fried bananas and rice. In the city the food is good but you may pay 45 cents for a root beer float. On the other hand, with the high fruit production, you can buy a pint of pure fresh orange juice for a quarter. In a village the movie, if there is one, may cost a quarter; in Maracaibo, $1.25; in Caracas, $1.75. In the country the beggars ask for a *locha* (3 cents) and in Maracaibo a *medio* (5 cents).

Active social life

Not many urban Volunteers would request rural missions when it comes to social diversion. While it's not the imagined style of Peace Corps entertainment (a *barrio* rum celebration or the opening of a one-room, 75-book library), the city social life keeps most Volunteers from reading every last book in the locker, down to *How To Know the Minerals and Rocks.* As one city boy described his visit in a a rural Peace Corps site: "In Trujillo there isn't anything to do but go to the top of the mountain and eat chicken or stay at the bottom of the mountain and play *bolas criollas.*"

In Maracaibo you can dine at a steak house, a Chinese or Italian restaurant, or a fried chicken place that shows Charlie Chan movies on an outdoor screen. You can drink, dine, dance and date—all in English if you want, for there are plenty of Americans, Canadians and Englishmen here plus numerous Venezuelans who drive around with Michigan State and Colorado School of Mines decals on their car windows.

Equal to the initial adjustment to a Latin culture is the adjustment a Volunteer who has been attracted by the mud hut "image" must make when he winds up someplace not completely different from home. He may taxi to work. In Maracaibo, he may have an air-conditioned room and entertain himself in ways that aren't really considered humble enough for a Peace Corps Volunteer. He probably didn't want this. He expected considerably less.

Yet if Volunteers feel guilty about this kind of life, they get over it or suppress it and get on with their work. The Peace Corps work of initiating change demands the same motivation and steadiness anywhere.

VOLUNTEER *correspondent Judy Thelen and her husband, Ken, serve as park directors for the Maracaibo YMCA. A former newspaperwoman, she now edits a newsletter for her Peace Corps group.*

A case of readjusted expectations

By **SUSAN AND ROBERT CALHOUN**

Eskisehir, Turkey

Town Volunteers, on a visit to the city, are prone to scoff at the creature comforts enjoyed by their city counterparts: waking up in a centrally heated apartment complaining of suffocation or stating emphatically that a hot shower just can't compare to the weekly trip to the local public bath.

The city Volunteer is not without sensitivities on this subject, often finding himself beset with vague feelings of guilt over some unspoken apostasy or moral flabbiness that has caused him to end up in a "soft" job. He may resort to such desperate measures as having his janitor in for tea to establish community contacts and to exercise his Turkish or even to impose a kind of self-satisfying martyrdom upon himself by living in a substandard (for Volunteers) section of the city and earnestly returning part of his city living allowance to the Peace Corps.

But the usual definitions of the ideal Peace Corps Volunteer don't hold in reference to the city, certainly not in Turkey, where the difference between the haves and have-nots is striking, the urban centers of the city being noticeably developed in comparison with the rest of the country.

In Turkey, there are really two separate kinds of city experience. The first is a Volunteer in a really modern city, such as the 115 Volunteers in Ankara and the few isolated outposts in Istanbul. Here problems arise from the fact that the Volunteer is a member of a highly complex, sophisticated community which, in Turkey's case, is very proud of its ability to handle its own problems. But the Volunteer is more likely to have a rewarding job assignment whether he is a trained specialist or teaching in one of the universities of the city.

The second is a Volunteer in the smaller cities such as Bursa, Adana, Eskisehir and Izmir where the city is still complex in many ways but more small town at heart, that is, at its social base. In small cities it is easier for the Volunteer to enjoy a wide range of Turkish friends and contacts, although not central heating or hot showers. But the limitations for side projects, other than his specific job, are still here, perhaps felt more acutely because the job assignments are not always as rewarding as those in Ankara.

Looking more closely at the Ankara-Istanbul syndrome, the Volunteer's job is usually definitely and limitedly defined. He is dependent upon the nature of his job and the quality of its demands for feelings of accomplishment and involvement. His Turkish colleagues are often the elite, well-educated and somewhat affluent, who are apt to find it irrelevant whether he is a Peace Corps Volunteer, a Fulbright scholar or an independent, judging him more on his professional abilities. They expect him (the Volunteer) to live at similar standards to themselves and are a little surprised that he doesn't have good carpets or a refrigerator. In fact, a few Volunteers say that they are embarrassed to entertain some of their Turkish friends because catered food and American liquor are out of their budget range. This is not to say that Peace Corps Volunteers should live like some American independents overseas, but it does seem to make frivolous the worry that Volunteers live too comfortably and out of the culture. It also renders understandable the irritated reactions of Volunteers in Ankara when it was suggested that the Peace Corps "ghetto" in a "better" section of the city be dispersed.

Physically, there is no real ghetto but it is true that the Volunteer does find himself drawn toward a social life consisting primarily of other Volunteers. When asked by a concerned Peace Corps official why the Volunteers tended to stick together so much, one Volunteer thought a moment and said, "Well, we *do* have a lot in common." He doesn't feel the pressures of taboos against dating and restraints against any sort of a party atmosphere which permeate the towns. His natural inclination is to form the kind of relationships and friendships that he did in the States, encountering little resistance from the community, for he lives in relative privacy. He does not commit an offense if seen on the street with a girl, especially when large-city Turks are looking with more and more interest upon such activities themselves.

> 'The city Volunteer often ... feelings of guilt over some ... biness that has caused him ...

But this does not mean a Volunteer's social life is only with other Americans. There are departmental parties, occasional evenings in the homes of Turkish colleagues, and Turkish cultural events such as opera, concerts and plays, seldom attended by other Americans.

And there are the students. The university students are a demanding and ambitious group, politically inclined and definitely counted in Turkish life. They are far from shy in their criticisms of American policy and sit in continual judgment on the ideas and actions of their American

teachers. There is room here for significant interchange and Volunteers meet this with discussions in the classroom and in their homes. Although the students have a rugged course schedule, there is time for joint excursions, the production of a play or a party for students with coveted rock 'n roll records.

Outside of his professional contacts, the Volunteer, especially the A.B. generalist, finds himself hamstrung. If he is not a technician his general skills are not enough to attract the interest or inspire the confidence of complex social organizations. It is usually not a matter of setting up new programs as for most civic interests and problems there is an existing Turkish agency. They expect trained personnel, as the recent experience of 25 new Volunteers assigned to assist Istanbul's program of TB control attests. The Volunteers, A.B. generalists who had, of course, undergone special training for their assignments, found themselves soon relegated to clerical duties.

But barring his lack of success in areas outside his job, the Volunteer, on the whole, can with little qualification, count his work as significant. If he is teaching English in a university, he knows that it is not only a curricular necessity for the students now, but will determine the nature and success of their later careers. Or if he is a math or science teacher, a speech therapist, a city planner or a child care specialist, he can be confident that he is meeting a real need, not merely filling a space. (We have omitted any discussion of the nine urban community development workers in Ankara, their living and working conditions being considerably different from the bulk of the large-city Volunteers.)

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me spoken apostasy or moral flab-
him end up in a 'soft' job.'

In the smaller cities, the Volunteer gets more visibility and all the attendant pains of lack of privacy in respect to his personal life. He is more likely to rely heavily upon Turkish friends for companionship and entertainment and to establish himself with a variety of social groups, his conspicuousness as a foreigner and a teacher (teachers being highly respected) giving him almost *carte blanche* entrance into the community. He will have little difficulty in setting up night courses in English or planning extra activities with his students. But beyond these types of activities, he will run into the same bureaucratic roadblocks as his large-city counterpart and is apt to feel unsatisfied, witnessing the more pressing problems in the city which need attention: for example, in Eskisehir, the great influx of people from the villages and the need to accommodate them. But here again, the Volunteer usually has no technical skill to offer, other than teaching.

His job itself may cause more heartaches, usually a Teaching English as a Foreign Language assignment. If he is lucky, he is assigned to a *Maarif Koleji*, a combined junior-senior high school which requires all students to pass an entrance examination. English is taught for 25 hours a week the first year and continued for eight hours a week through the remaining years, as well as most courses being taught in English. He is working with small classes with good students and can feel that his efforts are toward some realizable and valuable end.

If he is assigned to a regular junior or senior high school, he will have more difficulties in justifying his presence to himself and evaluating his success. He may take comfort in the fact that he is often filling a position that might remain empty but after the agonies of teaching classes of 50-60 students three hours of English a week, the majority of whom will not go beyond high school or even junior high, he begins to question the worth of it all. He may be reaching a few students in each class but this often isn't enough to erase the increasing suspicion that he is only managing to teach enough English for his students to be able to shout gleefully, "Hello. What is your name?" at passing tourists.

In all, the city Volunteer, considering his expectations about what the Peace Corps experience ought to be, may feel himself deprived of the direct cultural involvement of the Volunteer in a town or village, but if his job is challenging and offers him real work, he soon readjusts his expectations, perhaps with a little regret, recognizing his definite contribution, even if it is not the type of contribution he had anticipated or hoped to experience.

It might be said that the experience of the city Volunteer depends almost solely on the productiveness of his particular job assignment. If it is an important one and if he is able to capitalize directly on what skills he brings to it, he has the opportunity to make a significant contribution. If his assignment is unsatisfactory he is often unable to enlarge upon it in ways his rural counterpart might.

Why do Volunteers tend to stick together? One thought for a moment and then said, 'Well, we do have a lot in common.'

But to go beyond this and say that he is in some way missing what has come to be known as "the Peace Corps experience" is an all too common concern. Whatever this last term does in fact mean, it is, at best, a superficial notion and, at worst, a grossly misleading one. It is superficial if it means that there is any norm to which all Peace Corps experiences should in some way conform. It is misleading and detrimental if it means that the latter two of the three Peace Corps goals have an importance at all commensurate with the first.

Ultimately there can be only one criterion by which the Peace Corps is judged—what is it doing to help solve the major problems of the countries in which it is operating? There can be only one means of judging the contribution of the individual Volunteer—in what tangible way has he aided his host country in making the steps forward that it must make in order to answer the needs of its people? It would seem that in a relatively advanced country such as Turkey the city Volunteers have a special advantage in directly affecting the people who will be making these important changes. If, as in most cases, it seems impossible to combine this with the fuller experience of the rural Volunteer, it is certainly regrettable, but by no means crucial to what the Volunteer should be doing.

Susan and Robert Calhoun, correspondents for THE VOLUNTEER, *teach English in Eskisehir, Turkey. They have had an opportunity to examine the attitudes of Volunteers based in the Istanbul and Ankara areas as well as those working in smaller cities such as Eskisehir.*

Fighting apathy in a Rio suburb

By **CHRIS BEEMER**

Duque de Caxias, Brazil

For the Volunteer who has survived the rigors of stateside training in everything from building water seal latrines and showers to the treatment of snakebite, placement in a large city demands a quick reversal of attitude and, at least at the outset, an exhaustive application of that fabled and revered Peace Corps trait of flexibility.

Out go the ideas of having to read by lantern light or carrying the vaccine to the health post on horseback. In a short while the Volunteer is up to his neck in finding an apartment, wondering how long his living allowance will last, and just plain not getting lost.

To the five Volunteers (Walter Bibb, Ken Bridgeman, Julie Long, Hulda Lundstrum and Carol Silsby) in the satellite city of Duque de Caxias in the state of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, forgetting the skills acquired during training was not nearly so difficult as learning the new ones that would guide their community development operations in an urban setting. All five were placed in a hospital and health post and soon they were involved in vaccination campaigns and the starting of a small diagnostic laboratory. Taking advantage of these state institutions as vehicles for entry into the community where their real goals lay, the experience became a lesson in what life in Caxias was all about.

The most important factor to consider when speaking of Caxias, its Great Unforgettable, is that it is a mere 35 minutes by bus from Brazil's political, cultural and emotional center—the capital city of Rio de Janeiro. Although situated in another state and therefore under a different governmental scheme, Rio is constantly on everyone's mind; there is a feeling that by mere geographical proximity, some of Rio's bountiful glory is somehow bound to seep out to Caxias—perhaps by clinging to the undersides of the innumerable buses plying the route between the two cities.

But Brazilian buses are dirty underneath and the dirt they carry in this case is picked up in Caxias. It is hard to imagine two cities so close to each other being so different. Rio is known to the world for its broad city beaches and craggy mountains, theaters and yacht clubs, state buildings and embassies, art and music, while Caxias is known for its oil refinery and crime rate. Rio is indeed one of the most beautiful cities in the world while Caxias is a jumble of unfinished public works projects, poor utilities, incredible filth in downtown gutters and a drainage system which efficiently blocks all the sewers when it rains so that the cars driving down the main street make waves instead of the usual dust.

Granted that along with its beauty Rio has its *favelas* (city slums) but it also has a growing sense of their existence and is starting urbanization programs in some areas as at least a token effort in their eradication. Caxias, on the other hand, not only has *favelas* worse than those of Rio but also has a middle class population so uninterested in the problems of its city that if it felt guilty about *favelas* at all, they would be the *favelas* of Rio rather than those of Caxias.

After several months in Caxias, the Volunteers had learned a lot about what Volunteers can be expected to accomplish with their limited facilities and a little about how they should go about it.

Basic to any program in the city as well as in an interior town is an acquaintance with the people of the area, a knowledge of their needs and desires, and a feeling for how the ordinary citizen fits into the existing power structure.

"In a small town the Volunteer can deal with the mayor and his assistants, whereas here in the city the administration is unapproachable," says Miss Long. In Brazil, where the difference between starting a program and just dreaming about it can depend on whether it has official backing or not, this contact can be vital.

The Volunteers also discovered that whereas a health post with its constant stream of patients can be the best way to get acquainted with the population of a small town, the same procedure in a city health center does not work because of a huge and ever changing clientele. It soon became obvious to the five Volunteers that although they didn't want to cut their ties completely with the health post, community work in a limited area with a smaller and fairly constant population would be much more productive than trying to solve the health problems of the whole city of half a million inhabitants.

The Volunteers transferred their efforts to Villa Operaria, a *favela* of several hundred families situated in one of the worst areas of Caxias. Misses Silsby and Long, who have continued their work there, have discovered that there are numerous factors inherent in the character of the people which make them difficult to work with. A majority of the families of the *favela* have immigrated from the Brazilian northeast, leaving one of the world's least developed areas to seek a new life in Rio.

'Anonymity can be enjoyable, as it offers greater privacy, but also frustrating, when trying to involve city officials in work on slum problems.'

As they arrive, these people find that all the "benefits" they have heard about are only available to the comparatively rich and that they themselves will have to find room in a

favela. But at least they have arrived in the "marvelous city" and the beach isn't too far away. To some, however, even this small compensation is taken away as they discover that Rio's slums are overcrowded and that they will have to find a place to live in the suburbs. Misses Silsby and Long have found this particular disappointment among the people of Villa Operaria.

They have also discovered that although part of a large city, the flavor of a *favela* is basically rural as immigrants cling to their old ways of self sufficiency.

Mix with this the families who have grown blasé and defeatist from remembering nothing but slum life or unfulfilled political promises, and there exists a group that is hard to motivate. But the Volunteers have persisted and are trying to get a water system for the area using a local work force and financial assistance from the Partners of the Alliance.

For five Volunteers in Caxias, forgetting the skills acquired in training was not as difficult as learning new skills in community development.

Insisting that the project be educational, that is, a demonstration of how collectivity can tap money sources and provide labor, has slowed the process but has also made the long-term benefits potentially greater. In the meantime the two Volunteers have started children's clubs and are teaching crafts, health, and constructive group recreation.

Bridgeman and Miss Lundstrum have been working in several projects in different areas. Miss Lundstrum is trying to start a free diagnostic laboratory. She has joined Bridgeman and the others in planning a water system for Villa Operaria. In addition, she and Bridgeman have found work in a small town a few miles from Caxias. The town is rural and the problems are similar to those of the true interior.

Bibb remained in Caxias and has begun a program of eyesight testing for the children of several *favelas*. By using the resources and growing community spirit of groups such as the Lions Club, he has succeeded in supplying several children with badly needed corrective glasses. One of Bibb's problems has been the need to convince service clubs to spend some of their money on such community endeavors.

To all five Volunteers the goal of teaching has, by necessity, been preceded by learning. This learning has brought them to several conclusions about the city Volunteer.

All agree that nothing is more important to any project than close contact with the community with which they are working. For this reason, the Volunteers feel it is imperative that they live within, for example, a *favela* rather than commute there from a different part of town. Commuting, they think, would both limit their understanding of local conditions and foster the impression that they were merely extensions of the already seemingly ineffective local social workers.

The city also offers the Volunteer numerous contacts with philanthropic organizations that are unavailable to the interior, but, as Miss Silsby says, "you can't solve *favela* problems with money alone."

The city Volunteers have learned that their innate status as Americans is not so impressive in a large city. Their anonymity can be enjoyable, on one hand, as it offers greater privacy, but frustrating, on the other, when trying to involve city officials with whom they have had no previous contact in work on slum problems. The Volunteers have seen that apathy is a huge problem and that in the city this state of mind can grow out of a feeling that even if a group were formed to deal with a given situation, its effectiveness would be frustrated by the corruptive inertia of the politicians with whom the group would have to deal.

Chris Beemer, a Brazil correspondent for THE VOLUNTEER, *works as a laboratory technician in a large hospital near Rio de Janeiro.*

A capital: the toughest place to excel

By **FRANCES HOPKINS**

Kabul, Afghanistan

A capital city may be the most difficult place for a Peace Corps Volunteer to work out his role but it also offers an exciting opportunity to be at the nerve center of change.

More than half of the Volunteers in Afghanistan work in Kabul, the capital city of about 400,000 people. There were about 110 working in Kabul this past summer, one of the largest totals of Volunteers in any capital.

The Kabul Volunteers' home is a mud and marble metropolis 6,000 feet above sea level in a valley west of the Khyber Pass. Although blurred by the haze of amoeba-laden dust in August, mountains surround the city, providing a picnic retreat in Paghman in the summer and tobagganing slopes in the winter.

On the streets of Kabul a woman in *chadari* carrying a briefcase and a little boy trying to ride a bicycle that is too big for him symbolize the people with whom the Volunteers are trying to work in this city.

Change is coming to Kabul rapidly. The surface trappings of Coca Cola and hamburger joints and souvenir

shops have appeared only in the last two years. Much more important, a new constitution was passed in the fall of 1964 and under it the first parliament elected by universal secret ballot is holding its first sessions.

Economic change is occurring hand-in-hand with this political revolution encouraged by King Zahir Shah. The Peace Corps is only one of many groups helping bring about change in Afghanistan. The Russians have paved many of Kabul's streets and are helping build prefabricated houses and a polytechnic institute. The West Germans are training the police. The French work in medicine and law. The U.S. built the university and has supplied wheat for the bakeries. United Nations agencies are involved in city planning, teacher training, and health work. In many cases, it is with a Japanese World Health Organization officer, a Bulgarian engineer, or an Indian journalist that the Volunteer and his Afghan counterparts work out ideas of development in the city.

These factors make Kabul a fascinating place to live but also a difficult place to be a Volunteer. After nearly four years as director in Afghanistan, Robert L. Steiner, now Peace Corps regional director of North Africa, Near East and South Asia, believes that "the toughest place to be a *good* Volunteer is in a capital city."

First of all, the city Volunteer misses the traditional "image." The province Volunteers in Afghanistan tell tales of hiking 33 miles over the Farah Desert when a truck broke down, or having their wood delivered by a temperamental camel. A Kabul Volunteer may be working in an office or classroom much like any in the States.

In the city, job performance and educational requirements are high. The Volunteer is competing with many other aid programs in Kabul and he is expected to have a commensurate degree of technical skill. The city Volunteer is, in effect, working right under the nose of top government officials. If he does not appear at work for two days, his supervisor complains, while in the provinces a week's absence could elicit no comment.

At the same time, the Volunteer in the city also faces the problem of anonymity. It is possible to do the job and then go home to the book locker. As one former Volunteer who spent one year in the city and the second in the provinces explains it, "In Kabul you are often just filling a slot. You are personnel rather than a person in your right. In the provinces you are unique and the town accepts you as one of its first citizens."

In Kabul, the Volunteer is most likely to get to know his cook, the corner bazaar keeper, teachers just back from studying abroad or anxious to go, and ministry officials. Occasionally people are disappointed rather than pleased that the Volunteer has no commissary privileges.

In Kabul, too, the international community competes for the Volunteer's attention. There are sports tournaments or amateur theater productions for every season. Although large Volunteer parties are usually limited to weddings or "over the hump" gatherings after a group has completed its first year in the country, there are USIS movies and countless AID parties for the easily distracted.

The Kabul Volunteer does not even

Professional duties come before 'image'

By **TERRY CARPENTER**

Nairobi, Kenya

There's a good chance that if the state of Florida asked for Peace Corps Volunteers and assigned ten to the capital city, Tallahassee, their lives would differ very little from ours in Nairobi. Many of us live in accommodations palatial by Peace Corps standards worldwide, have a variety of good food available, have access to various means of transportation—all this in a neither too hot nor too cold climate.

Developing as the capital of Kenya Colony (since 1963 the Republic of Kenya), Nairobi has become a vigorous center of activity in East Africa. Decisions affecting politics and commerce of the area are frequently made here and the city is a favored stopping-off spot for traveling statesmen. But Nairobi is probably best known as a beautiful city in the sun and a departure point for "big game safaris." Here ten of us are spending a "Volunteerhood" where the only major living adjustment is putting three-pronged plugs on our two-pronged American electrical appliances.

None of us asked to be assigned to the city. As Peace Corps trainees we were prepared to boil water and dig latrines. Instructors taught us some basic skills in Swahili so that we wouldn't go for days wondering which way it was to Dar-es-Salaam. We were ready. But, for a variety of reasons, some Volunteers were assigned to the city to do an assortment of jobs. In Nairobi the range is from mental hospital assistant to suit-and-tie accountant. Naturally, our experiences are as different as our feelings about them. Though living in Nairobi probably differs little from other cities where Volunteers are stationed, maybe some of the work done by Volunteers here does.

I was assigned to Kenya's Ministry of Lands and Settlement, which administers the change-over from large-scale European farming to African small holder farming on more than one million acres of farm land once reserved for European ownership (THE VOLUNTEER, April). One of the problems of this transition has been the education of African farmers in good agricultural practices. Because of our backgrounds and education in advertising, four of us were given the job of setting up and running a department in the ministry head office to produce educational materials—audiovisual aids. Little in the way of booklets, posters and films had been produced, so we had to start from zero. Fortunately, we'd been allocated a reasonable sum of money, office space and equipment, and a few months time to get going.

Those few months were pretty frustrating—trying to answer up-country friends and staff members who constantly asked, "What *do* you do in Nairobi?" During that time we tried to assemble samples of all available material, meet the field staff to determine their needs, and set priorities for audiovisual aid production. We enthusiastically and optimistically made promises which later proved hard to keep.

Eventually we got under way and those asking for

have the satisfaction of overcoming really difficult living conditions. He may well pedal against the dusty wind to his mud house with a leaky roof and ten cockroaches to kill every night before going to bed, but he has access to cheese from Denmark or a tape recorder from West Germany if he wants to spend his living allowance that way. The Volunteer does face a higher rate of bicycle thefts and a better chance of catching amoebic dysentery in the city.

In view of these apparent disadvantages, why are half of the Volunteers in Afghanistan in Kabul? Steiner cites several reasons: when the Peace Corps first came in 1962, the government was reluctant to place any Volunteers outside of Kabul because it was unsure it could guarantee their safety. It was almost two years before any were sent to the provinces. Besides the government's reluctance, a traditional deep suspicion of any foreigner accompanies the eager, even insistent hospitality for which Afghans are justly famed. And the Volunteers were needed as teachers of English, and nurses in Kabul. The government felt the capital should put its own house in order first.

These circumstances are apparently changing. The government is now emphasizing the equal development of the entire country. Provincial assignments have priority in Teaching English as a Foreign Language (TEFL) as far as the government is concerned. Soon more Volunteers will go into rural development and agriculture. In Kabul, slot-filling is giving way to training assignments and where it isn't, Volunteers are not being replaced.

It is the capital where change is most rapid and if the Peace Corps wants to take part in the action, some Volunteers must be stationed in the city.

However, the number of Volunteers in Kabul probably will decrease. There are some Volunteers who think there have been too many in the city. Others theorize that there are advantages to having a large number of Volunteers in one place because it means there is an opportunity to exhibit a sense of social action and show the value of organization. In general, however, this has not proved true in Kabul. There have been successful hootenannies put on by the Peace Corps but it has been primarily through individual projects that Volunteers have found their niche in the city.

A nurse is making home visits with a midwife in an effort to cut the infant mortality rate. A mechanic is putting together seed-cleaning machinery that has been in storage for years to help increase the yield of wheat. A commercial artist is helping get an advertising agency off the ground. Others are coaching girls in volleyball, designing plans for the university's student union, teaching students how to write down the music of Afghanistan, or how to manage the hotels needed to increase tourism.

It has been the Volunteers who have gotten involved in working with the people of Afghanistan in one of these many facets of development who have found Kabul a rewarding place to be a Volunteer.

Volunteer Frances Hopkins serves as an adviser to The Kabul Times. *For her article on Kabul, she interviewed other Volunteers, Peace Corps staff members and Afghans. She has extended for another year.*

"[illegible] artificial insemination booklet you've been working on" finally got it. To date we have turned out simple, illustrated, Swahili-language booklets on growing maize, artificial insemination, care of sheep, basic concepts of bookkeeping for cooperative society members and several posters. In quantity this amounts to more than 25,000 pieces of instructional material—not very impressive for a whole year's work, but we have the major problems solved and hope much more can be produced in the coming months.

Recently Jim Cloutier and I were given responsibility for preparing all exhibitions and displays for the ministry. This has meant doing art work for a sound film on settlement, and devising material for periodic agricultural shows held throughout the country. In July we constructed a scale model to show the raising of sugar cane on settlement schemes.

Obviously, our job is a technical one. Our goal is a physical product in contrast to other project assignments where a change in attitude or eradication of a disease may be hoped for. This means, for practicality, we *must* work in the city with members of the business community such as printers and photo finishers. Contact with the people we came to Kenya to help, the new African farmers, is definitely second-hand through the material we produce.

How do we justify doing this work as Peace Corps Volunteers? Mainly by the fact that if such reasonably priced labor were not available, a job which we consider important to agricultural development in Kenya probably wouldn't be done. However, this is only one part of the Peace Corps experience"—job. Host country contacts and friendships, involvement with the community and "image" are others. Rating here? Not very good. The weak position can be partially explained; not necessarily justified.

First, as mentioned, my working contact with Africans is either on department head or telephone operator level. There are no African counterparts with whom strong friendships based on mutual experiences can be counted. Naturally, I have many African acquaintances, but none with whom certain exchanges of thoughts, feelings, and values can be shared.

Second, those of us here in Nairobi who have technical jobs with definite responsibilities have done little to become involved with the community. Maybe an environmental laziness keeps us from making an extra-job contribution to Nairobi. That is, our jobs and the city's many advantages claim our free time and hide the areas where we might help. When your job *could* take all your spare time, should it?

"Image" as a Peace Corps Volunteer in Nairobi seems to mean little. Our associates probably couldn't care less what brought us to Kenya. We blend very well with the expatriate population and nothing in particular marks us as "Peace Corps" (we don't even wear tennis shoes).

Several times I've had to answer up-country friends who insist we in Nairobi are missing a lot. They're right —we regret it. Actually, though, I think we get the same kind of "satisfactions" and "rewards," but have to be satisfied with smaller doses. And there are other personal benefits and experiences which make living and working in Nairobi worthwhile. Hopefully, the work the city dwellers do will contribute to Kenya's development—someone thinks so or none of us would be here.

Nairobi is more than 30 times the size of Kent, Ohio—Terry Carpenter's hometown. Carpenter, a correspondent for THE VOLUNTEER, *has been living and working in Kenya's capital city for more than a year.*

'The real job of helping can best be achieved in the city'

By **JUDITH NORDBLOM**

Judith Nordblom wrote the paper from which this article was adapted near the end of her two years as a teacher in Asmara, Ethiopia. She plans to teach this fall at New Trier High School, Winnetka, Ill.

Asmara, Ethiopia

It is my contention that the job of the city Volunteer offers more of a challenge and can bring as much fulfillment as life in the "image" of the country Peace Corps Volunteer, and perhaps more in the way of developing one's sensibilities.

Drummed into Volunteers' heads at training, in publications and by staff members is the notion that the *real* Peace Corps Volunteer is not the city Volunteer but the young man or woman in the rural post. The poor city fellow is attacked by those Volunteers who come in from the villages once a month to get supplies *and* be luxurious, and who see little of the city but the main street, and by latter-day Thoreau fans who are still tied to the glories of the Golden West.

Obviously these well-meaning romantics know little about the average New York apartment or American history. And so it is hard for the city Volunteer himself to believe that where he is *is* worthwhile.

But the city is worthwhile. The trouble is that in order to come to that conclusion, the Volunteer has to completely re-examine what denials he should have to make, if any, and he also has to take another look at the city.

As far as the material comforts of a city proving to be debilitating, this has been an oft-considered part of Peace Corps policy. I suppose it is typical of Americans always to be aware of material things. The disease of complacency has its roots in the individual rather than in his possessions, and I doubt if anyone could accuse the majority of Volunteers of having this defect.

Criticism has encouraged the Peace Corps staff to move Volunteers out of cities. One argument is that the native teacher or health worker does not want to be in the provinces, while the Peace Corps Volunteer has a special desire to do so, and because of his wish for this kind of challenge, he can do an especially effective job. I do not think Americans should necessarily go where no one else wants to go.

There is a little disciplinary value in forcing people to do their own dirty work (I assume that going to the provinces for the native of any country is such). And to really create progress at the village level takes understanding of the villager, which, no matter how great his enthusiasm, the American just cannot have. He can build wells, give superior education while he is there, and help a few bright, barefooted boys to get to America or Europe. But because he cannot really communicate with the people, language speaker or not—why he is there to change them and why change is important—the effect he has will usually be only skin deep. The less educated African who may be forced to go into the village will still be enough above the villager to create the desire for improvement, and they will understand why he has improved. Not only do I think that the American of today is too far from the village situation economically and emotionally to comprehend it (and living the way the locals do does not make you one of them), but I do not believe in sustained provincial equality or development until the centers of wealth create enough capital to be able to give some away.

Skill most important

The real job of helping, and I assume that *the* most important task of a Volunteer is to provide a skill, can best be achieved in the city, though again I believe the native peoples, when there are enough of them trained, will do more even here.

First of all, the students in the cities are closer to the foreigner and especially the American in attitude and comprehension of the modern world. If the city is a typical post-colonial one, the students are in between cultures. The village priest or Moslem family has taught them one thing and the European has taught them another.

But how can we help when both of us seem to be questioning? As older people, and here I refer to the student-Volunteer teacher relationship, we have gone through some of their problems already, though not too long ago —the advantage of youth in the Peace Corps—and can suggest solutions or considerations. There is a common language of distress. And we can communicate through knowledge of city life and the newspaper. Students living in the city are not naive about politics and people and do read more books and know current events.

There is concern that because so many Volunteers are concentrated in cities, they take the easiest way out and associate only with each other. Few attempts are made to search out friends and acquaintances among host country people. This, say Peace Corps officials, not only prevents Volunteers from coming to understand the coun-

Happiness is not a content Volunteer

By **STUART LAIMBEER**

Guatemala City, Guatemala

"One has a better chance of being contented in the city, but the opportunities for achievement and personal satisfaction are greater in the country."

The speaker was Dennis Dunlay, one of five Volunteer veterans of Guatemala City who completed service in August after two years of teaching in the Universidad de San Carlos.

"Being contented" consisted of a nine-to-fivish Guatemalan work day, apartment living (for four of the five; one lived with a host country family), good eating, a wide range of professional contacts and an assortment of athletic and cultural diversions (including volcano watching).

According to the Volunteers, life in the capital also enabled them to obtain a better and more comprehensive understanding of the entire country. They were better informed. Also, they found extracurricular tasks tailor-made for their interests; in addition to teaching biochemistry, Dunlay served as acting curator of the local Museum of Natural History; Marilyn Hinkes taught arts and crafts at a private institute for retarded children before assuming her daily teaching load at the university.

But the Volunteers cite disappointments too, and there is a hint of lost opportunity for "real" service in the countryside.

The Volunteers found that their friendships, mostly built around the structured university society, tended to be more superficial than they were in the U.S., and that Guatemala City Volunteers are not unique to host nationals simply because there is a fair-sized North American colony there.

Also, the university quintet mentioned some frustration over the disinclination of their students to serve their countrymen, and disappointment over their own relative isolation from the community outside of the university.

There was another regret: they felt they had missed an opportunity to break new ground with the Peace Corps by carving a place for themselves within a community where they could also "rough it." Indeed, the university Volunteers relished vacation trips to the *campo* to visit Volunteers who were in remote locations.

In spite of this feeling of isolation, Dwight Walker cited one advantage to the campus situation: contacts with the leading people of Guatemala. "My work involved daily contact with the most competent scientists and economists in the country," he said.

Miss Stuart Laimbeer, a correspondent for THE VOLUNTEER, *has a desk job in Guatemala City. On weekdays from 8 a.m. until 5:30 p.m. she works in the Peace Corps office as a Volunteer secretary.*

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try but makes the people consider the Peace Corps as they do any foreigners: isolationist and condescending. I admit that this tendency to clan is usually not overcome among city Volunteers, and that in many cases this person knows less about the customs of his students than the fellow stationed in a village. But more clarity is still needed on this criticism.

The individual Volunteer and his ways of performing are at the bottom of most considerations. While there are cases of Volunteers in the cities who have only American friends, many village Volunteers fit the same pattern. Now while these actions may limit the anthropological knowledge of the person or prevent his fame from growing, I do not necessarily think that this preference lessens his effectiveness in his job.

For the city Volunteer, the number of total host country acquaintances is usually smaller and the knowledge of the "feel" for the traditional society will certainly be less, but the number of people one could call "friends" will probably be greater if only because a city has a greater number of educated people. These friendships will probably be deeper because of the increased experiences of the city dweller and the fact that the most qualified people in developing nations migrate to the cities. And, in an African city with its social life, offices and bars, Volunteers have a hard time not getting to know people.

The city provides a source of contacts with the people impossible to get elsewhere. Other than trying to suggest change at the bottom by working with the village people, the city Volunteer can meet the people who are involved with or control policy change. As adult teachers and as members of the clubs for civil servants, the Volunteers can come to understand the workings at the top, the most influential people, and because of the greater basis for communication, achieve some results.

Volunteer friendships

One comment should be made about the relationships Volunteers develop with each other. The enforced closeness of a group in a city is often a rewarding experience for the Volunteer. A person without props—such as constant busyness or the feeling of being part of a mass society—to protect him from himself and others becomes dependent upon everyone else, and hence more exposed. If this situation is recognized, the Volunteer can develop relationships that he had never been able to have before. I suppose the experience is like the camaraderie of men on the battlefield. To Volunteers, these friendships are an important part of their experience, and a reason why some prefer to be stationed in the city.

The urban Volunteer is sometimes accused of not being a "full-time" Volunteer. The Volunteer in the village is probably forced to participate in extra activities in the community. But the city Volunteer can lead separate lives of school and home and usually finds himself doing this.

Some Volunteers will be "full-time" Volunteers in the village or in the city. Some in the city work so hard for their students or their ideals that they have little social life. One could work for the Peace Corps 24 hours a day no matter where he was. But according to a Peace Corps myth, as popularly interpreted, the phrase "full-time" is interpreted not in terms of hours but emotional commitment, and the size of a city prevents a Volunteer there from having it. I have often felt

separated from the life and growth of the city because of little things like not being able to know the home life of my students.

The myth assumes that it is possible to lose oneself in a village small in physical size or number. There are basic lines of communication between people, it says, and because these can be explored closely and completely (all phases of life) in a village, one can learn another way of life and help modernize it.

I disregard the notion that the problem of communication is governed by geographical or numerical size. The controlling factor seems to be the size of the emotional gap separating people. Living among a people may reveal their daily schedule and help one understand why they think like they do. But I really question whether they, because of their lack of sophistication, can ever determine why we act the way we do. A fruitful discussion must entail understanding on both sides.

The Volunteer should be encouraged to regard the experience of two years as a deeply human encounter where he is constantly comparing cultures, reactions and remaining open to whatever is needed to help him and his "adopted" country communicate with each other. This alone is a 24-hour job. If such demands the person separate his lives or have privacy and free time, then this is right. And this makes living in the city an advantage —one can get away from the situation to see it in new ways.

So, then, having tried to break apart the "golden calf" of the Peace Corps, what special tasks remain for the Volunteer? First, he is a person interested in providing a skill needed by the host country. His job is most important, and he should be judged by how thoroughly he does this task, not by the number of hours he spends at it or where he does it. The successful Volunteer is the person who did or will do his work as well at home as he now does it in the Peace Corps, whether or not his Peace Corps work has been his former occupation. He is basically serious about getting on with the business of life and its improvement.

Next, he is committed to an honest study of himself and others as part of a quest for knowledge of human nature. To what extent he realizes this, how much actual emotional maturity he brings to the job, and the resulting amount of sympathy he has for the people will determine his success.

One's status is unclearlyde

pressures are few, life isco

By **GREGORY MARONICK**

Bangkok, Thailand

Bangkok is a city which as little as five years ago could be described, with perhaps the least flicker of irony, as the "Venice of the East." Today it displays little of the tranquility any such epithet might bring to mind. The Thais are a tranquil people, but the face of their only cosmopolitan city is changing as rapidly as any other city in the world. It is no longer tranquil.

Today one may gaze at dozens of new office buildings and hotels going up. If one calls Bangkok a Venice in 1966 he probably hasn't been here in recent years. The open canals are rapidly disappearing, and most of those remaining are far from picturesque. In some sections of town there are shady boulevards and lanes, and the green canals are romantic by any standard. But this is not typical. Canal water is often black. Most streets are heavily wreathed with motor exhaust, and the almost sublimely unpredictable traffic grinding on the asphalt is as noisy as a nuts-and-bolts factory.

Is placement justified?

What, then, is the Peace Corps doing in a place about as underdeveloped as New York City?

About ten per cent of Thailand's more than 300 Volunteers work here. Some are on the faculties of Thailand's most prestigious schools and universities. Others work within the Ministries of Education and Public Health, and in other government offices.

The role of the Volunteer in Bangkok is different from that of his colleague in the country. He is often on a working level with people from other service organizations as well as with highly qualified Thais.

Does the Volunteer measure up to this company? According to Saroj Buasri, president of the College of

> 'What is the Peace Corps doing in a place about as underdeveloped as New York City?'

Education, Volunteers are well qualified as college instructors. In fact, he gave these reasons why he felt Peace Corps has been more effective in higher education than any other foreign organization working in Thailand: First, those whom the Peace Corps has selected for this work are qualified. Second, the Volunteer has an appreciation of Thai customs and knowledge of the language. Third, he usually has the ability to work with his Thai counterparts without making them feel subordinate.

English is important nowadays for Thais because it comes closest to being an international language. In many advanced and technical fields, English texts are the only ones available to the Thai student. "The world of the English-speaking person is very wide," one Buddhist monk recently remarked to a Volunteer in the back of a crowded Bangkok bus.

Thais are singularly tactful and amicable people. They are seldom rash or blustering, enjoy wit and humor, and are subtle and wise in

ydefined, but

scomfortable

their dealings with people. They tend, on the other hand, to be well set in their ways, and many of their traditions seem to perpetuate themselves and resist changes which would probably prove beneficial. They are more homogeneous than Americans, and certainly more formalistic, and so they sometimes may not know what to expect from us.

Certainly not all of the changes in Bangkok strike the Thai as desirable. He is confused by many of them. The city is teeming with *farangs* (white foreigners), most of whom are rich by ordinary Thai standards and represent American business and military establishments. There are Filipinos, Negroes, Eurasians. There are girls with orange hair and grown men wearing plaid shorts. There are new buildings, new ways and, inevitably, new problems.

The Volunteer in this setting may find he has to fit between the layers of society, Thai and foreign, for in some ways he has no layer of his own. He lives in a small but comfortable wooden house, typically in a compound with several other middle class Thai families. There may be a common courtyard and entrance way from the lane or road. The neighbors are customarily friendly and helpful, but are often apt to play their radios loudly (since Bangkok weather is hot the year round, windows and doors are left open), and the noise resonates.

Other Volunteers live in private rooms in student dorms, and may be in fairly close contact with students and other resident faculty members. The Volunteer may play sports, take his meals, and go to unbelievably innocent parties with Thais, but social contact is generally restrictive. The American Volunteer is likely to feel unsuccessful for not being close enough to his Thai friends, but this may not at all be the case in the eyes of his hosts, who don't expect the same type of relationships among even their own friends as we would. Among the Thais, a "friend" has a more generalized meaning—a friend may be anyone and friends everyone.

There is little or no dating as Americans know it. Thais tend to congregate at social gatherings with members of their own sex, though there is a shift away from this among some young people. There is very little privacy, for the world is wide open to let in the breeze. Among women there is a pride of virtue and honor, and a respectable woman is zealously protected by rigid social mores.

The Bangkok Volunteer has greater independence and ease of movement than his colleagues in the country. If he wants to spend his time with other *farangs*, he may. Other *farangs*, American and European, are often eager to make contact with the Volunteer who may appear as anything from interesting and novel to forlorn and helpless. He should exercise restraint in his social contacts, or he may find he has turned into just another *farang*. His deepest relationships are much more apt to be with other Volunteers, in and out of Bangkok, and in some cases with Thai students or teachers.

The city Volunteer's image—one which seems to have been given support by Peace Corps staff—is that he is "soft" or "weak" as a Volunteer. According to one Volunteer, who has worked in Bangkok as well as in the country, this idea is faulty. He suggested that the staff may have used this argument on occasion to convince a reluctant Volunteer he would be more useful outside of Bangkok. At any rate, the Volunteer is not a celebrity in the city. And despite efforts to the contrary, he may well be one in the country—sometimes second only to a headmaster or mayor. In Bangkok the Volunteer may have considerable status within his job, but he is otherwise on his own.

> 'The Volunteer is not a celebrity in the city . . . he may have considerable status within his job, but he is otherwise on his own.'

On a personal level, many effective Volunteers argue that in order to maintain individuality and to keep one's sense of integrity intact, a Volunteer must separate to some degree his personal and professional lives. This doesn't necessarily mean he is less dedicated in his Peace Corps work. To the contrary, he may well be setting a good example. If a Volunteer is unable even to be himself, just what sort of freedom are we promoting?

A 'bunch of prigs'

There is no broad community development program in Bangkok, presumably because the Thai government hasn't seen fit to organize one. The slum areas are squalid enough—though they do not rival those of a Calcutta in density or number. The people need more help, but so far, at least, have been denied it.

When a newly arrived member of the Peace Corps got to Thailand some months ago, he remarked to a friend that the more experienced Volunteers at a seminar looked too self-satisfied—in his words, like a "bunch of prigs." The truth is a Volunteer is well treated in Thailand, by virtue of his job as teacher or "official." Being a Volunteer in Thailand may give one a sense of well being, for the pressures are few and life comfortable; regrettably, though much less frequently, it may foster a feeling of self-importance as well.

At the present time English and American literature, composition and conversation, such specialties as music and political science, as well as English as a foreign language, are being taught by Volunteers at the university level in Bangkok. When a Volunteer is qualified to work in specialized areas, he is normally a great asset, for his effect as a teacher, or even as a personality, is more widespread than it would be in the country.

Something of what has been called "The Peace Corps Experience" is certainly missing for many urban Volunteers. But experience is experience and whether an experience is rich or meager may depend upon who is having it.

As the Peace Corps goes about defining itself, testing that fond grin and the profile in front of the mirror, there will be demands of ever greater skill—professional and social. What right, after all, have we to be amateurs?

Volunteer Gregory Maronick teaches English at the College of Education in Bangkok.

Physical education Volunteer Jerry Wegley (right, facing front) shops in a supermarket in Maracaibo, Venezuela. Below, Volunteer Gary Engelberg stops by the school where he teaches English methods in Dakar, Senegal. At bottom, physical therapist Volunteer Mignon Furqueron relaxes in her room in the nurses' quarters of a hospital in Maracaibo.

Donald Anderson

Donald Anderson

Charles Overholt

Living is easy

Volunteer secretary Susan Urbonas (left) works in the Peace Corps office in Blantyre, Malawi. Below, Volunteer Gaye Longyear, an urban community development worker, discusses just-played basketball game with children of "Ciudad Kennedy," a new suburb of Bogotá, Colombia.

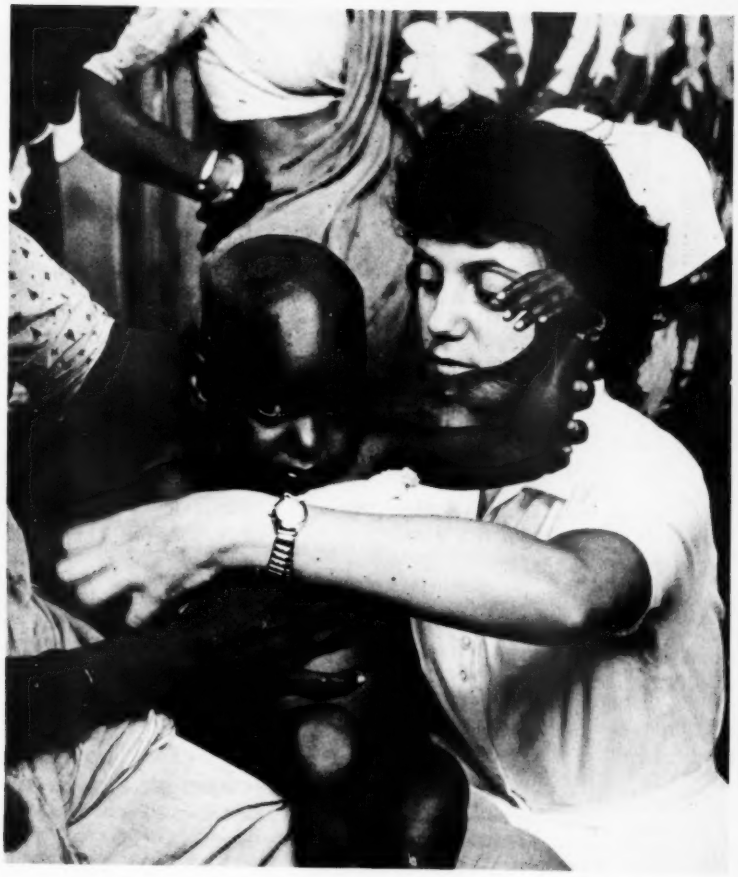
Paul Conklin

Volunteer Muriel Michaud (near right) teaches typing at a secretarial school in Libreville, Gabon. At far right, Volunteer nurse Rose Marie Alamprese bandages young patient at the Osmania General Hospital in Hyderabad, India. At bottom left, Volunteers Terry Carpenter (from left), James B. Cloutier and Paul Bishop prepare visual aids in Nairobi for other Volunteers who work as land settlement officers throughout Kenya. At bottom center, Volunteer Joe Rollinson teaches photography and printing at the audiovisual center of Kabul University in Afghanistan. At bottom far right, Volunteer Becky Kavanagh distributes milk to mothers of families who live in "chawls"—government housing projects in Bombay, India.

Jobs demand sk

Charles Overholt

Carl Purcell



Phil Hardberger

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Phil Hardberger

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Two aspects of urban community d

An operating philosophy

By **DAVID C. ANDERSON**

San José, Costa Rica

People who live in the *campo* are imprisoned by naiveté and massive indifference to change. Urban slum dwellers, on the other hand, are the victims of attitudes which are more complicated, and are that much more difficult for a Peace Corps Volunteer to handle.

Here are three examples of these attitudes:

• Only three people had shown up for the community meeting, and two of them were Peace Corps Volunteers. The third, a loquacious man, was trying to explain why.

"Qué va. The trouble with the people in this community is that nobody wants to cooperate. Everybody is irresponsible. We elect committees to solve our problems, but nobody wants to do any of the work. Everybody quits. Why, I was elected to a committee once, and *I quit.*"

• The old man scratched his stubbled chin and sagely regarded the inert body of an intoxicated neighbor on the sidewalk before him.

"Now, you know, when you find a body lying in the street, you'd better not touch it, because it might be dead, and if you were to touch it, you might get the blame. Believe me, better not to get involved."

• A committee of interested social workers, educators and municipal leaders had discussed for more than two hours the solution of problems of local slum clearance housing development. A nutrition center for preschool children and pregnant women was under debate. The director of a school near the community, a large, florid man with a flair for oratory, rose to address the meeting:

"Ladies and gentlemen, distinguished visitors; I tell you that the basic problem with these people is that they cannot be helped. They are no more than children—it is foolish to treat them as adults. If we give them a nutrition center we will only aggravate the problem of unemployment in the community, for why is it a man goes to work if not to feed his family? Instead of going out and getting an honest job, all the fathers will stay home and get drunk while their children go to eat at the nutrition center."

'While new Volunteers fully expect to have problems with the people they are to work with, they are unprepared for the frequently unenlightened attitudes they encounter among the middle class educators and social workers.'

The people in the above situations embody attitudes which are some of the stumbling blocks of urban community development. There are at least two causes for these attitudes.

First, the migrant to the city is forced to live among the other poor in neighborhoods which are unified only by geography and economic class and have no sense of common tradition, spirit or identity.

In a rural town, even while general living conditions might be bad there are at least some people with experience as leaders in the traditional structure, and some wealthy people who might be approached and coerced into supporting civic projects.

But a slum community, whether it grows naturally in a forgotten corner of the city or is created artificially by a housing program, is homogeneous; the basic resources necessary for progress—responsible leadership and money—are always in short supply.

Second, unlike country people whose hopes have never been awakened, city slums are made up of cynical people whose aspirations have been crushed in the grind of urban progress; they live in a state of tension and uneasiness, often in the shadow of great wealth. Their way of life breeds suspicion, bitterness and anonymity.

That is why the loquacious man in the first example despairs of his community as irresponsible and impoverished. He is partly right. He is also partly wrong, and it is the Volunteer's task to convince him of this most important fact.

The basic problem in a slum community is not so much that people are poor and irresponsible, but that they tend to think they are far poorer and far more irresponsible than is actually the case. One answer is trust. Someone once said that the only way to find out if a man was trustworthy was to trust him; I think the same goes for communities. If a Volunteer can persuade a slum community to trust itself, the people of the community may find that they are not as bad off as they think they are—by making such a discovery they destroy their most fundamental barrier to change and progress.

The unconcerned attitude of the man in the second example (an attitude also familiar in American cities) reveals another symptom of life in a traditionless, homogeneous community —a defensive individuality which is already a significant part of Latin American culture, but which the creeping anonymity of slum life magnifies out of proportion.

The Peace Corps Volunteer must have a ready answer for this man because no community can do anything unless its people realize that a whole community is not just the sum of its parts, but much more.

The most demoralizing of the three attitudes, and for the Volunteer the

development:

most difficult to deal with, is that of the school director in the third example. Costa Rica has a reputation of having a comparatively advanced educational system and a progressive attitude towards social welfare. Therefore, while Volunteers arriving in the country fully expect to have problems with the people they are to work with, they are unprepared for the frequently unenlightened attitudes they encounter among the middle class educators and social workers—the people whom they think should know better.

This problem is particularly frustrating to Volunteers involved in urban community development for two reasons. First, slum communities, unlike rural towns, develop reputations which in the eyes of the uninformed outsider condemn anyone who says he lives in such a community as irresponsible, ignorant, probably immoral and in any case good only for direct charity.

Second, since slum communities in the capital city are convenient to the government ministries and agencies involved in welfare work, they are the prime areas of often publicized activity for both professional and political outsiders.

Theoretically, Volunteers should see their role in such a situation as one of coordination, trying to make sure the best programs are put to work in the community with the greatest efficiency. But, in fact, Volunteers begin soon to feel that the good intentions of all outsiders only get in the way of what the Volunteer (an outsider) thinks the community really needs.

A Volunteer may think, for example, that what the people most need is to develop local spirit and a sense of identity by doing something which, though small—like erecting a small building for community meetings or preparing land for use as a football field—would be their own, completed with money and labor contributed by the community and not from the outside. But the people, who have become accustomed to the lavish attention of outsiders and to the direct charity which is its most frequent result, resist the Volunteer's suggestions of genuine community effor·

To the original cast of char·..ters we might add the slyly obsequious man, who says, "Sure, we need a community building. Let's go down to the Ministry of Welfare, and when we tell them how poor we are here, they'll have to build us a community building. After all, that's what the Ministry of Welfare is for, to take care of us poor people."

In such an atmosphere, the Volunteer must do all he can to try to make the "standard" projects work, with the crucial difference that the "secondary" effects of the projects take on overwhelming importance.

A successful credit cooperative, for example, gives cheap credit to people who need it in the community, but, for the Volunteer at least, the value of that function pales beside the cooperative's ability to show the man in the first example that the people in the community can assume responsibility; to show the man in the second instance that neighbors working together can solve everybody's problems far more easily than each man trying to make it on his own; to show the school director and others that the people in the community are not children, but are mature enough to manage their own affairs; and to show the man in the final case that even in a poor community, people can raise a substantial amount of money and put it to work for common interests.

To effect such change in attitude is an intangible and immeasurable goal, but it is the most important job of a Volunteer in an urban slum community.

David C. Anderson is a correspondent for THE VOLUNTEER. *He and his wife, Jason, work with a slum clearance housing project in San José.*

An operational criticism

By **ALEX ZIPPERER**

Santiago, Chile

In Chile, the word *población* refers to a geographically limited, lower class housing district usually situated on the edge of a metropolitan area. Many of the *poblaciones* surrounding Santiago consist of government-built houses and apartment buildings, and have good facilities for transportation, recreation and shopping. At the other extreme are sprawling accumulations of "squatter" shacks without any of the usual urban advantages such as electricity, water, sewage and paved streets. The average Santiago *población* served by Volunteer urban community development workers could be classified somewhere between these two extremes, though probably closer to the latter, and would have a population of about 30,000.

At present, the main goal of most of the UCD Volunteers in Santiago is to involve themselves in some activity related to community development. My group has completed its first year with very poor results in this direction, and most of us have felt rather baffled by our situation, the absurdity of which has been apparent almost from the moment of our arrival.

To understand this feeling, one must know something about the peculiarities of the Santiago environment as they affect the function of community development. The most obvious fact in this connection is that a *población* rarely corresponds to the community developer's concept of community. Phrases such as "initiative of the community" and "community participation" can hardly be used in reference to a district containing thousands of people who have arrived from rural

areas too recently to have established any extensive family or friendship ties in the city, and who are separated as well by political and religious convictions which are as strong as they are diverse.

The people, then, lack a sense of community. The function of community developers is to create community mindedness by assisting existing groups and organizing new groups with the hope of eventually effecting a degree of cooperation in the solution of common problems. This, of course, is much easier said than done. Organizations within the *poblaciones* are, for the most part, politically based, and in open conflict with one another. Although several of the *juntas* (councils) and clubs in a given *población* may work actively, and even effectively, toward the improvement of the district as a whole, they have no desire to combine forces or in any way attempt to represent a cross section of the population. Thus, the community developer must constitute a coordinating force. He, or the agency he represents, should maintain the confidence and respect of all the groups involved in order to influence them to develop contacts with each other in spite of their differences.

Because of certain extant political prejudices, however, the Volunteer in Santiago, regardless of his personal qualities, can hardly command enough confidence to serve as a rallying point for the people. More often he is ostracized, if not actively opposed, by many of the organized groups in his *población*, and is always an object of controversy.

Agency connection

The conclusion seems to follow that, if the Volunteer is to overcome these obstacles, he must be closely connected to an agency upon which the people rely. It appears reasonable to assume that this agency would have a well-grounded understanding of the areas involved, and a coherent plan for their development; obviously, it would place Volunteers in carefully chosen sites, and work closely with them towards predetermined general objectives. Unfortunately, none of this is true of the agency to which most of us are presently attached.

The Volunteer in Santiago thus finds himself enmeshed in a succession of paradoxes. Expecting an agency official to introduce him to the community leaders who had requested his assistance, he is assigned arbitrarily to a *población* in which no one has ever heard of the Peace Corps, and in which no one is at all enthusiastic about working with a *yanqui*. Expecting to teach the people the value of organization and stimulate them to action, he finds his district flourishing with active groups of all kinds. He had expected to convince people that, through appropriate efforts, they could receive government assistance, yet the proximity of government resources is so evident as to make the people reluctant to work for what they feel will eventually come to them effortlessly. He had hoped to inspire a community to solve its common problems, yet the people are kept so far apart by politics, fear and mistrust that they don't identify with each other. After a year's effort, the Volunteer is still looking for some way to make a lasting contribution.

'In a culture which categorizes a person according to his position and address, it is extremely difficult for anyone to feel much respect for a 23-year-old foreigner who lives in the poorest possible district and has no visible means of support.'

Thus, the dictionary definition of "absurd" seems relevant to the state of Peace Corps community development in Santiago: "Out of harmony with reason or propriety; incongruous, unreasonable, illogical."

The paradoxes producing this sense of the absurd, however, all stem from one basic conflict: that between what the Volunteer expects to do, and what is actually required by the situation. Peace Corps training for Chile UCD was basically a slightly modified version of rural CD training, and those of us who were assigned to Santiago were not prepared for the subtleties of the techniques that environment demands. Essentially, the conflict stems from an attempt to apply a more or less direct method of community development to a situation which demands a highly indirect method.

Such dilemmas may be at least partially avoided in the future through a more realistic approach to UCD training and site selection. Our experience in Santiago has convinced us that the complexities of the urban environment warrant a method of operation entirely distinct from that employed by the Peace Corps in rural areas. For example, many Volunteers are of the opinion that, lacking a suitable agency through which to reach the people, UCD workers should be provided with some sort of position, perhaps as a teacher or health worker, before entering a *población*. Others suggest that Volunteers live in respectable neighborhoods outside their work areas and commute to the *poblaciones*. Of course, conditions vary widely, and it is difficult to generalize. Still, such measures would probably insure the Volunteer a greater degree of acceptance, since, in a culture which categorizes a person according to his position and address, it is extremely difficult for anyone to feel much respect for a 23-year-old foreigner who lives in the poorest possible district and has no visible means of support. The people would feel much more comfortable about his presence if they could classify him as an expert of some kind, there to fill a specific need.

Hope is not enough

The real problem for most community developers in Santiago is that of finding some kind of justification for their present assignment. Most Volunteers, of course, are prepared to accept limited success in their work. If they were not, there would doubtless be few of them remaining in the field. Still, in order to be even potentially effective, a Volunteer must believe that what he is doing is worthwhile, or at least that there is a reasonable chance for eventual success. The ethereal hope for "changes of attitude" is not enough.

Santiago Volunteers have found various means of resolving this problem. Several have transferred to rural sites; some occupy themselves in chiefly social contacts; some abandon CD altogether and concentrate on other work such as school teaching or social welfare. Others have taken what could be called, for want of a better term, the "mass trivia approach"—an attempt to involve oneself in as many group activities as possible, regardless of their nature or purposes. This is one means of supplying the necessary indirection in method, and seems to be an effective way of weakening the barriers between the Volunteer and the people through sheer quantity of personal contacts.

Using the "mass trivia approach," the Volunteer attempts anything that will afford contact with people in his

area. One Volunteer, besides having a heavy schedule of English classes, has baked cakes for social functions, drawn household plans, arranged trips, kept organizational financial records, repaired fences and so on. His admittedly quantitative approach has had interesting results. He naturally became well known in his district, and people began to ask his help on projects that were too trivial to bother an agency official or social worker with. Small successes led to more important projects. This Volunteer made no overt attempt to convince the people that they should themselves take part in the work involved. But as his daily schedule of trivia became fuller, it was soon apparent to all that he had no time to handle the various projects they brought to him. Gradually, he took on the role of "adviser" on many types of group affairs and he now occupies a reasonably influential position in his *población*.

Thus, some Santiago Volunteers are able to achieve positions in their *poblaciones* from which it may be possible to "do" community development. But, under present conditions, it is a time-consuming, arduous and often disagreeable task. The fact remains that, in order to do any sort of community development work here, one needs a much longer view than that provided by Peace Corps training. The irrelevant concept of CD work taught us in training has often caused us to ignore certain areas of work which could be used as means to community development, or to consider such work as an end in itself. If Volunteer community developers are to do an effective job in Santiago, the Peace Corps must develop an entirely new approach to training which will equip Volunteers for an urban role.

Alex Zipperer is a Volunteer who has been engaged in community development work in Santiago for more than a year.

City and country: the gap is immense

By **TERRY MARSHALL**

Manila, the Philippines

Asphalt and cement; high-rise office buildings, small shops, market stalls; fenced, guarded estates, noisy middle class duplexes, and hastily built wooden and nipa slums; crowded and careening traffic; night clubs; air-conditioning; bowling lanes, a soon-to-be-completed ice skating rink. These are some images of contemporary Manila.

A 395-year-old metropolis of three million people, Manila boasts the largest supermarket in Asia, in which one can buy Post Toasties, filet mignon, TV dinners and instant onions.

It is an international city, home for hundreds of American and other foreign businessmen, industrialists, diplomats, military men.

It is the largest, busiest, most progressive area of the country.

And it is years apart from the tropical island, nipa hut and dusty road setting of the country's thousands of small provincial towns and *barrios*. Its scurrying residents are far removed from the sun-blackened rice farmers whose lives are spent in muddy fields behind heavy-footed carabao.

Manila is the business, governmental and cultural center of the country; but it is not typical of the Philippines. With the vast differences between provincial areas and metropolitan Manila, the two could well be different countries.

But, for the Volunteer from the *barrio*, Manila can provide important insights into the entire country—"a double-eyed look at the Philippines," as Connie Van Amerongen calls it.

> 'Here one can buy Post Toasties, filet mignon, TV dinners and instant onions.'

"After two years in the provinces you have a pretty narrow view of the Philippines," Volunteer Jeb Eddy said. "Many people you meet here are different."

Volunteer Beth Marvin noted, "I never noticed how narrow-minded I was until I came here this year. I have much more perspective than when I was living in Aklan. The contrast has sharpened my perspective of the country."

The three Volunteers, who all taught in *barrio* schools before transferring to Manila, point to several major differences between city and provincial living:

• Intellectual challenges are greater in the city. City people tend to be better informed, more aware of problems of the Philippines, and foreign affairs.

"Conversations are different," Miss Marvin said. "In the *barrio* we were deeply involved in day-to-day things; here we discuss the Philippines, the whole world. There are people really thinking of their country, trying to improve it."

"Even my vocabulary had to change. In the *barrio* you tend to think elementally. It is not so here."

Volunteers also mention book stores, cultural events and an international atmosphere not found in *barrios*.

Miss Van Amerongen, who has taught at the Manila School for the Deaf and Blind, finds a more professional attitude. "What is remembered is not that a Volunteer can or cannot dance," she said. "We have to produce professionally."

• City dwellers are used to seeing foreigners, especially Americans.

"In the provinces Volunteers can get a lot done by taking advantage of built-in respect for Americans," said Eddy, who taught elementary school for two years. "It is a tool they can use. Here, Americans are respected, but Filipinos keep a distance." Miss Van Amerongen adds: "Here they are more pro-Filipino."

Filipino exposure to Westerners can also be misleading. "I had the idea it was fairly Western when I came to Manila, but it's not," Miss Van Amerongen said. "It is a combination of the East and the West."

• Needs of the city people are different.

Miss Marvin pointed out that most

city people have such facilities as toilets, electricity, water. The question is how to best use what already exists, rather than how to obtain such facilities, she said.

• "Pacing and timing of the people here is much faster," she said. "People live, walk, even talk faster. I have a hard time keeping on schedule."

• Another difference that Miss Marvin indicated is that people are not "thinking of your protection as in the *barrio*. No one watches out for you." Few people on the same steet in Manila even know where Volunteers live, she said.

• Social circles are different in the city.

The social system in the province tends to be the school system, said Miss Van Amerongen. In Manila, social circles and professional circles are often different. Volunteers tend to socialize with young, intelligent professionals, the "young people on the way up."

The problem of socializing primarily with Americans who were among her weekday contacts was of real concern to Miss Marvin. To solve this problem, she lived with a Filipino family about an hour's bus ride from the office. "It is almost like living in two worlds," she said. In Manila she tried to spend free time with Filipinos; most of her socializing with Americans was done during field trips.

A major problem of the city Volunteer, according to former Peace Corps director Maurice Bean, is identifying with the community. The Volunteers here tackled the problem in strikingly different ways.

Eddy, who last year held an 8-to-5 job with the Economic Development Foundation, a management consulting firm, commented: "I came to Manila to do a job in economics, not to be everyone's friend."

Involvement takes time

"For me, no YMCA, basketball, youth groups, singing in choirs on Sunday; I wasn't at all interested in getting involved in community action. It seems to me that swapping ideas with future leaders of the country would do a lot more good," he added.

Miss Van Amerongen said: "I have no time for community involvement. My job takes a good deal of the day." Considerable opportunity for non-job work in the city exists, she said, but "it is a full time job."

Outside Manila, at Tambu-an, Malinao, Aklan, Miss Marvin was definitely involved. It was her home for two years.

Manila provided contacts that enabled her to stimulate *barrio* friends into doing more things on their own, she said. Projects include a library in the municipality and a reading center in the *barrio* which have strengthened community feeling between the two. She also has been arranging for college students from the area to join the Philippine Rural Reconstruction Movement, a private community development project.

Money is also a problem for city Volunteers.

'Poor' Volunteers

They find that their monthly living allowance is quickly exhausted. "There are so many things one can do that are outside the realm of subsistence," director Bean noted.

"I can't afford to date either Filipinos or Americans," lamented Eddy, "because I have to spend so much on food." Money, or the lack of it, can be a source of embarrassment, as when people discover you are a Volunteer and say, "Oh, you're in the Peace Corps; I'll buy your ticket."

The Volunteers mentioned other problems such as merely learning how to get around in the city (with no printed bus routes and no scheduled pick-up times), re-establishing social relations after moving from the *barrio*, and adjusting to different job situations.

Eddy, who edited the Volunteer newsletter, *Ang Boluntaryo*, the past year, noted that Manila Volunteers are cut off from the other Volunteers and staff members even more than those in the *barrios*. "We're really by ourselves," he said. "You can find out what is going on in Peace Corps, but only by trying hard."

The problems are not insurmountable, however. Bean, who departed in July after two years as country director, said that none of the urban Volunteers in that time terminated early, and that only two had requested transfers (they stayed). Before July terminations, the Philippines had 43 Volunteers in metropolitan Manila and Cebu City, the country's second largest city.

Terry Marshall coordinates the contributions of the five VOLUNTEER *correspondents in the Philippines. He and his wife, Ann, teach at the Leyte Institute of Technology in Tacloban City, Leyte.*

The curi[illegible]us m[illegible] basketball a[illegible]nd

By **CHRISTO[illegible]PHER**

Montevideo, Uruguay

As a Peace Corps Volunteer in Montevideo, I am not sending letters back home to my friends and family describing the Peace Corps as they (and even myself) have often imagined it. I have managed to erase the image of the sacrificing Volunteer who gives up all thought of comfort and convenience so that he may live as the people with whom he works. Many of my associates live better than I could ever hope to on my living allowance. Not only has this brought a few sarcastic comments from those at home, but it has also helped contribute to my own doubt of whether my Peace Corps service justifies itself.

These feelings are due partly to the nature of my job and partly to living in the city.

I work with three different basket[illegible] ball clubs in Montevideo, where almost all my evenings are taken up with the duties of coaching. In addition, my Peace Corps group was told we were to work in community development along with our coaching. It was not made clear, however, whether our job in Montevideo was to coach basketball or whether basketball was at best a front to be used in performing the real service of community development (a term which itself is as unclear as anything).

Working in various parts of the city also presents its problems. A number of our clubs are located in well-off communities where it is difficult to imagine the need for any kind of community development. Moreover, if one is fortunate enough to be working in an area which offers good opportunities for community development, how is he to define the community? As in my case, is the community the geographical area taken up by my two closest clubs, the area from which the boys with whom

'I have managed to er[illegible] the ma[illegible] teer who gives up all thought of [illegible]om[illegible] may live as the people with [illegible]ho[illegible]

s marriage of and urban CD

TOPHER WILES

I work come, or the small number of blocks where those who frequent the club bar and watch the daily practices live?

My involvement with the community, therefore, has been largely restricted to the clubs and basketball. I have sought ways to extend my time and work to the schools and other groups in the community; but I have encountered difficulty because of my role and connection with the club as a basketball coach, the hours of the day this basketball work requires, and the large expanse of my community. Thus it is hard to say whether I am a community developer or a basketball coach, and I feel my work as a Volunteer suffers as a result of this uncertainty.

Having been in Montevideo about n months, I suppose I have acquired ore of an identity with the city than with any neighborhood community. I might even be able to say I know the city better than do many Montevideans in the clubs where I work. I have met all kinds of students, teachers and professors. My acquaintances come from a variety of backgrounds and professions, both government and private. I have attended all types of different social functions from the local neighborhood *asado* (cookout) and birthday party to the red-carpeted municipal theater and two-orchestra *gran baile* (big dance).

This wide variety of companions, however, is not unusual to the majority of Montevideans. Unlike most Latin American cities, theirs is a highly integrated society with a genuine middle class. It is not unusual to find a very attractive apartment building rising in the middle of one of the poorest parts of the city. A baker able to earn just enough to support his small family may live next to and be close friends with a banker who collects an ample salary and owns a summer home in Punta del Este. There remain, nevertheless, the very rich *hacienda* owners who possess much of the interior lands and live in the city's more attractive suburbs. And at the same time there are some real slums which present the city with many of the same problems that any large city faces. In short, Montevideo has many characteristics which make it unique among large Latin American cities and much like any other city of the so-called "developed" part of the world.

To speak of an integrated society may be a bit confusing and misleading. It might be better to call it a segmented society made up of many small integrated cliques. Even within one of my small basketball clubs it is possible to pick out these small groups. One might consist of the older players who make up the most important team, another the younger players who play with the lesser teams, another the group around the bar, another those in charge of securing equipment for the club, and another those who plan dances or other entertainment.

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All the groups can be seen more clearly when reflected in the club *directiva*, or board of directors, where they often clash and find it difficult to communicate with one another (a common problem in many organizations from the most simple neighborhood commissions to the very complex governmental organizations). The many different parts of his society are difficult for the Montevidean to bring together and synthesize towards a common goal, but at the same time the breadth of association serves as an important basis for the middle class society which is peculiar to Uruguay.

My own experience in Montevideo has been in part an attempt to recapture the proverbial Peace Corps image (sometimes I feel like a swimmer treading water who is not quite sure in which direction he must go to find the shore). I live modestly on my Peace Corps subsistence allowance in a room offered by one club member. He is an ardent follower of Fidel Castro and works long hours running a bakery with his brother. I eat well, although not a great variety of foods, and I have suffered from my share of dysentery and other stomach distresses. The disappointments and difficulties encountered in my work, the "culture conflict," and the new-found strength in the virtue of patience have all evolved much as they were suggested in training. Perhaps it might be said I am something of the typical Volunteer.

But the city has changed a lot of my ideas of what life in the Peace Corps might be. I do not find myself bored with a great deal of excess time on my hands; my book locker remains almost untouched. I see many of my fellow Volunteers in the city regularly because of our daily routine and work responsibilities. I seldom find myself without many of the accommodations of home (television, phonograph and movies are close at hand), even though I may not be able to find a waste basket in my room.

'The city has changed a lot of my ideas of what life in the Peace Corps might be.'

Even more important, living in the city has led me to question one prominent Peace Corps trait—the freedom and responsibility given to each Volunteer in performing his task. My work in Montevideo has little structure at all. Each Volunteer is assigned to one to three clubs where we are working anywhere from three to thirty hours a week. Ideally, we are to spend the rest of the time in community development but with almost no organization to work through and in many cases without even a community. There is little doubt in my mind that a Volunteer in the city can find enough things to keep himself occupied. However, without some type of supervision and reasonable structure within which to work, I find that the freedom in his work conflicts with his responsibilities to both the Peace Corps and his host country.

The Uruguayans with whom I have come into contact in Montevideo possess a sophistication that requires more from a Peace Corps Volunteer than a desire to help and do something worthwhile. They are looking for a high degree of technical advice and professionalism which they find lacking. This demand requires a thoroughness and organization to meet, no matter what the job is. As a Volunteer in Montevideo, I have found these things missing in my work.

I think that a group of Volunteers working in the city must be given a

more highly defined task than Volunteers working in other sites. The urban society is much more complex and extensive. To be effective the Volunteer must understand how his job fits into this society, where his goal lies, and the means he may use to achieve this goal. If this framework and direction is not provided, the two years spent by the Volunteer will not be the most productive possible. He very likely will be able to take advantage of the many opportunities which the city offers and gain a great deal for himself. But what he contributes to others through his work will be limited by his freedom and the same lack of organization and coordination I have found to be a problem of the Montevidean society within which I work.

Christopher Wiles managed a YMCA basketball program while he was studying at Princeton University. He has been in Uruguay for about a year.

Commuting Volunteer puts job first, city second

By **VYRLE OWENS**

Calcutta, India

"What Calcutta thinks today, India thinks tomorrow; and what Calcutta does today, India does tomorrow."

This oft quoted statement suggests that Calcutta is leading development in India. Although the statement is debatable, it is readily observable that Calcutta does indeed represent change in India. Change from years past and years to come are all evident here at once. The changing institutions of the extended family and arranged marriages, the change from a primarily agrarian society to an industrial one, and the changes in thinking and values extending therefrom are all observable in various stages of change, growth, and development at a glance.

The city of Calcutta (population estimates range from five million to eight million), composed mainly of Bengalis from West Bengal and East Pakistan refugees, has also drawn people from all parts of India and the world who contribute to the thought and lifestream of the city. The contributions made by these people are wide and varied and for the most part will be immeasurable until one can look back on them. On the whole, however, one can see changes in Calcutta that will probably be taking place in India in the next few years.

Personally I dislike the city; for that matter, any city. It is too noisy, too dirty, and there are too many people too close together. There is no green grass or fresh air. This feeling, I suppose, is only natural and understandable since I have lived on a farm all my life and the nearest town only had a population of 700.

It was, therefore, somewhat of a shock to move into Calcutta instead of a village somewhere. I also believe I was a bit disappointed after having expected more rustic conditions such as those put forth by the "image."

My job is working as a mechanic, electrician, and jack-of-all-trades with the Poultry Development Department of the Government of West Bengal. As such, I travel around to the various state poultry farms in West Bengal working on farm machinery. The job takes me out of Calcutta 60 per cent of the time so I really don't have to live in the city all that much. From a practical point of view, Calcutta is an ideal headquarters. The seat of government and main government poultry farm are both here, and all parts, supplies and tools are available.

My job has limited my involvement in the community where I live. As a traveling Volunteer, I have probably met many more people than most Volunteers, although I probably have not established as close a relationship with any one person as a Volunteer who stays in one place.

Due to my job, the city, in my case, is best defined as a place where I have a house, where I keep my stuff, where my mail comes and where I return after being out on tour. The city then is a place that I can call home although I am only superficially involved in it. That is, I can take advantage of what Calcutta has to offer without directly contributing anything to it in return.

At present, there are less than a half-dozen Volunteers working in Calcutta—one auto mechanic, one teacher, one poultry Volunteer, and myself. There were others but three have just terminated and two more will leave soon. There is also a Peace Corps office here with its complement of staff members to cover the eastern part of India.

Living conditions for many people in Calcutta are miserable. Luckily for those who have no shelter the climate is favorable. It is harder to keep dry than to keep warm. During the monsoon, most areas of the city flood. Refugees and poor people who have shelter usually have only a makeshift bamboo or "what-have-you" shack, or a single room, poorly lighted and ventilated. In the *bustee* (slum) areas if there is a latrine it is a community facility and people bathe in ponds or beneath the city water tap or at the local well. In most of the city open drains prevail, garbage is dumped on the street and collected only occasionally and streets are in disrepair.

In the upper-class neighborhoods, people live well. Most houses have indoor plumbing and electricity; sewage and storm drains are underground; most residences have suitable septic tanks.

All Volunteers' houses in Calcutta have electricity and running water. Ours has cold water in winter and warm water in summer. My roommate and I live in a government flat supplied by the department in which we work. Other Volunteers have flats supplied by the Peace Corps, usually privately owned and rented out by the owner.

> 'When the going gets rough, it's easy just to get up and go downtown.'

My particular neighborhood is a collection of government flats, 128 in all, built specifically for government officers and employees. The estate, as it is called, is inside a compound and is a relatively isolated community. We have only made contact with a few people of the neighborhood, mostly young men of our own age group. The community is made up primarily of families and women generally do the initial socializing. Lacking a woman in our household, initial con-

tact with the neighbors has been somewhat stymied. Most men are busy earning a living; their only spare time is on Sundays and holidays. We also have had little spare time as our work often takes us outside the community.

The cost of living in Calcutta is relatively higher than outside the city. Volunteers in Calcutta get a 20 per cent higher subsistence allowance to help compensate for this difference. Food prices are higher because food has to be brought into the city and because of a present food shortage. Rice, sugar, wheat and kerosene are all rationed. Rent is considerably higher in the city. Public transportation, however, is relatively inexpensive.

There are dozens of theaters in Calcutta, many air-conditioned. A few show foreign films including ones in English. The others feature Indian films in any of several languages.

The urban based Volunteer must be even more dedicated and motivated to be able to immerse himself in a community and live at the level of the people there without constantly seeking the avenues of escape which surround him. In a village the Volunteer may not be able to escape the problems that arise and will therefore be forced to meet the issue. On the other hand, in the city when the going gets rough, it's easy just to get up and "go downtown."

I don't advocate a change in the basic Peace Corps policy as far as urban Volunteers are concerned. Proper adjustment of subsistence allowances to make up for higher costs of living and other minor adjustments of policy to embrace any other unique situations that arise should be all that is necessary.

A good maxim to follow in most cases would be, "Live where you work, or work where you live." In Calcutta, thus far, the role of the Volunteer has not necessarily been that of involvement in the city, its communities or its institutions. The Volunteers that have been here have been involved only in their jobs and have not effected any changes in their particular communities. The job, by its very nature, separated the Volunteer from the community of his residence. Or, as is true in some cases, the Volunteer has to live where he does because that's where a house is available.

Vyrle Owens, 20, recently completed two years of Peace Corps service in West Bengal and Calcutta. He has returned to his native Oregon to study agricultural education.

Taking a 'broad shotgun approach' to development

By **MICHAEL LUEA**

Guayaquil, Ecuador

At first sight, Guayaquil, chief port and economic center of Ecuador, would seem to be no more than an island of mud, a banana and cane whiskey kingdom, political porridge, and site of some of the largest slums —underdeveloped, neglected neighborhoods—in South America. But to Volunteers oriented in community development, Guayaquil provides an ideal setting for city-community action-based reform. Suburban CD provided me with no *siesta* time as I floundered from health project to building project to women's classes.

'The 50 activists who came to the meeting resulted in only ten steady workers. Today, after 20 months of work, there are still only ten workers.'

With an estimated population of 600,000, it's a startling fact that half of those live in what is known as the *barrios suburbanos,* a large sprawling outer-city area without streets, sewage disposal, drainage, portable water, police protection, lighting, bus transportation or adequate educational facilities. The *barrio* in which I was located had all of these characteristics to an acute degree.

Besides the physical situation, the Volunteer has two seasons to work through—hot summer and an even hotter winter. February through May is the rainy season, severely hampering scheduled meetings and house visiting, since the *barrios* are subject to floods a foot-and-a-half deep, and mud, in some spots, hip-deep. Entrance to many cane huts built above level on poles is by rickety ramps made of split bamboo. The combination of heat, humidity, sun, mosquitoes and flies has its effects not only on the local people but on the Volunteers. The dry season turns the *barrios* into a dust bowl with respiratory ailments prevalent.

The community development program in which I participated until recently used a broad shotgun approach. Each Volunteer had an individual project and worked independently with little overall coordination. People were involved in health work, adult literacy, home economics, cooperatives and teaching English, usually at an established community center.

My CD career began as a coordinator of a health program centered around a medical dispensary, which had been petitioned by a people's committee in the outer urban area of Guayaquil. The Project Hope director in Ecuador offered his organizational services, depending upon national pharmaceutical support. From October, 1964, until January, 1965, the *barrio* people and I repainted a rented villa, poured a concrete floor, put in lights and built examining tables, desks, cupboards and stools. A pharmaceutical company gave a six-month supply of drugs—for a big tax exemption)—and national doctors volunteered their time thrice weekly, with local *barrio* girls helping as auxiliaries.

Since January, 1965, the dispensary and community center has been involved in Care and Project Hope milk and nutrition programs, plus women's classes twice weekly in sewing, cooking and beauty care. Moreover, the *directiva* had managed to sponsor enough dances and raffles and to petition the "right people in the city, so that they were finally able to finance

and construct, mostly at night, their own building, which includes a medical dispensary and a community center.

One description of a community developer's life can be gained by recounting some of the problems and other general factors influencing *barrio* life.

The shock of having more to work with than verbalized community spirit became evident after the initial *barrio* introductions and work actually began on the physical part of a "planned" project. The 50 activists who came to the meetings resulted in only ten steady workers. Today, after 20 months of work, there are still only ten full-time workers, although others have participated in the programs.

Permanence lacking

My sector of the *barrios* had a particularly rich history of *barrio* committees that had been politically or socially oriented, rising to catch the people's interest for a time and then disseminating into bitter remnants. Most community action programs were of short duration—such as petitioning for fill rock, buses and more water. Projects demanding long-term cooperation were not considered for various reasons. The community center is a new approach to the old self-help idea. The people built it, and will continue to improve it and use it for social and educational events. It is not merely a one shot project.

A lack of sincere communication among the people has been disastrous many a time in my CD experiences. Instead of facts discovered and expressed, the *barrio* people find more thrill in learning or assuming the facts through rumors. Once we received medicine for the dispensary from Operation Handclasp, an American organization. It was rumored that personal gifts were in the newly delivered cartons. Because of the highly publicized visits and reference to "gifts," people misinterpreted the actual nature of the donation. Rumors spread as to the whereabouts of the "gifts," thus causing permanent damage to the reputation of the committee.

On the other hand, communication was improved during the voluntary nightly work sessions when carpenters and cement men participated in construction of the new medical dispensary-community center. Here the men distinguished themselves not by their talk, but by how quickly they could lay blocks or pour the floor. These *mingas* or work parties were promoted with a couple of liters of cane liquor, but the little cost involved was greatly outweighed by the results.

The *barrios suburbanos* comprise a physically unsectioned area, unlike the lined and divided *barriadas* of Peru. The occupants are unsettled or recently evicted from the center of town and misplaced Indians from the mountains. The nomadic movements of the families or heads of the families, for work or personal reasons, make it extremely difficult for them to improve their temporary homes in the slums of Guayaquil. In many of the families I have relied on the woman of the house for her assistance, rather than that of the male occupant, because he comes home only once every three days, or just on weekends.

This lack of family consciousness directly disrupts the bond of the community. Most progressive societies are established on a family basis. In my *barrio*, an authoritative source reported that 60 per cent of the couples living together were not married according to civil or church law. Insecurity in family circles was the direct cause of lack of family and personal participation in community affairs. Family feuds have caused other families to leave the *barrio*, and conscientious workers to drop out.

Husbands have prohibited their wives from participating in sewing or adult literacy classes, helping on dances or community raffles, all because they are feuding with a member of the committee or someone slightly connected to it. Conversely, core members of the committee have strong unity and order in their immediate families. With peace at home, the committee members seem to have more time to donate to community affairs.

'In my experience as a community developer I have concluded that one should cultivate two assets: forget about yourself to the extent of minimum necessities and get to the people.'

Another problem in *barrio* organizations is public distrust toward leaders and programs where money is involved. The Volunteer is often asked to manage the money, because he is generally considered honest. But I was occasionally accused of misappropriation. Once the suspicion had been planted, I made sure the books were in order and I was able to prove where every penny had gone. There are some individuals in my *barrio* who remain distant, because they believe I've spent money for my own purposes, even though they've seen with their own eyes the double entry books. Many local meetings have ended in personal charges and actual brawls because of distrust for certain committee leaders.

Teaching skills

For most of the *barrio* family heads, economics interferes with their CD participation. Projects teaching men skills which lead to jobs are to me the most important. Vocational classes are popular with the common man. Thanks to the donation of a cement block-making machine by Lions International through CARE, the community center has started a block-making factory, providing work, money, and inexpensive cement blocks for the *barrio* on a trial basis.

I've mentioned little about my principal work—health in the *barrio*—because it is a daily problem and permeates everything I see and work with. From general cleanliness, child care, anemia, parasites, skin infections to daily deaths, the Volunteer sees the need for health care. Most deaths are infants, so the clinic concentrated on serving babies. My recommendation to spread an awareness of good health practices is to teach mothers in their homes through the use of volunteer girls and young women who have received special training at the clinic. We tried lecturing to a crowded room of 40 mothers, but there was no concentration or tangible results.

The city must become more actively involved in its fringe areas, and there are projects galore for private groups in cooperation with community development Volunteers, if the city hall officials aren't interested. Community action groups might lay sewer and water pipes with the army engineers.

Apathy toward crime

Crime in the *barrio* affects the Volunteer in a significant manner, for it causes a daily atmosphere that sometimes discourages one completely. The general feeling in the *barrio* is don't get involved helping someone, because you will be set upon later or perhaps thrown in jail as a suspect. There was no feeling of unity against

thieves. No one tried to form a vigilante committee or even bothered to put lights outside of his house at night. Bribery is rampant between police and thieves. About all a Volunteer can do is talk up vigilance. In one instance two tanks used daily to prepare CARE milk were stolen. A neighbor of the thief wouldn't give any information because of this feeling that "it isn't any of my business." Even the *barrio* committee members would not "get involved" in aiding a wounded man stabbed during a dance. I took him to the hospital unassisted.

In my general experience as a community developer, I have concluded that one should cultivate two assets: forget about yourself to the extent of minimum necessities, and get to the people. Although I did not fully practice what I preached, I saw the benefits reaped by those who did. I also experienced the problem of accounting for tangible and intangible results. A Volunteer has to do a lot of footwork sizing up his resources before deciding what short term projects need priority, and which ones would make such an impact on the people that they would serve to draw more people into the interested group. I believe the support of more people from downtown Guayaquil could be attracted if the community could demonstrate the ability to bring projects to a visible termination—such as showing an album of the people's activities, or in this case an actual building project.

Michael Luea recently completed 20 months in the barrios suburbanos *of Guayaquil, mostly in public health work. He has returned to the U.S. for graduate studies in social work.*

Urban and rural environments produce two different kinds of Volunteers

By **GARY ENGELBERG**

Dakar, Senegal

Dakar has so often been called the Paris of Africa that some people now jokingly reply that Paris is the Dakar of Europe. Every joke has its grain of truth. Dakar, though typically African in many ways, is, nevertheless, one of those "Twentieth-Century Modern" African capitals based on Western models and concepts. As in many other developing countries in Africa, the second largest city does not compare to the capital in wealth or extent of development, and the degree of development of the rest of the country does not seem to justify the existence of a glittering white capital. Dakar is the jewel in the crown—but the crown is yet to be forged. There are, in effect, two "countries" here, Dakar and Senegal.

Thus, there are two kinds of Volunteers—the Senegal Volunteer and the Dakar Volunteer. They share the general problems of Volunteers around the world. But their specific problems are products of their vastly different environments.

In June, there were seven volunteers in Dakar—three teachers, three social workers and a Volunteer secretary. Most of them were cliff dwellers, living in apartment houses scattered throughout the city, or in new government-sponsored housing projects on the outskirts of town. Though they enjoyed the generally comfortable living conditions in the city, they also paid the capital city prices. Jim Toliver, an English teacher, has felt the pinch of prices in one of the world's most expensive cities:

> The complaints of the Dakar Volunteer often take on a tone similar to the complaints of apartment dwellers in New York or Chicago.

"Financially speaking, I find myself in the hole. No adjustment is made between the salaries of "bush" and city Volunteers. My sympathy goes to the "bush" Volunteer who often suffers from lack of sufficient recreation. But I wonder whether the city Volunteer who is tempted daily by taxis, movies, and various other types of amusement, does not suffer more. If he avails himself of these amusements, he will plunge himself hopelessly into debt."

To the Volunteers living in the "bush" with no running water, the problems a Dakar Volunteer has with his plumbing or his water heater must sound ludicrous. The complaints of the Dakar Volunteer often do, in fact, take on a tone similar to the complaints of apartment dwellers in New York or Chicago.

Toliver says: "I live in what might be called a modern apartment house, situated ten minutes outside the city. The other people who live in the building all have very noisy children. The kid upstairs is another Caruso. I'm on the ground floor, next to the parking lot which serves as an alarm clock and major distraction when I'm preparing lessons or trying to correct papers. I have an electric refrigerator, a water heater, lights, and approximately four huge cockroaches daily."

Physical problems of city living are easier to adapt to than the social and

psychological problems. In a "bush" village, the sense of community is strong and always evident. In Dakar, the community is a vague, perhaps nonexistent entity, almost impossible to define. Fran Pilzys is a social worker. She spent her first year in the "bush"; now works in a hospital in Dakar. Comparing the two lives, she says, "In the 'bush' village you know everyone. You're always entertaining your neighbors, or they're entertaining you. Sometimes, I had to lock my door and pretend I wasn't there so I could get some work done. Here in Dakar, I live in an apartment. I know my neighbors, but they're French."

The Dakar Volunteer does not have the ready-made community into which he can fit himself. Any contacts with the Senegalese beyond work are immediately handicapped by the nature of city living in general, and the living conditions of the Volunteer, in particular. Technical assistants are usually housed by the Senegalese government. Volunteers, therefore, often find themselves in apartment houses, surrounded by French or other non-Senegalese technical assistants. The Dakar Volunteer then either becomes involved in the French community or falls back into the sometimes frightening anonymity that big city living engenders.

'In the city, I'm a little person. I go to work, and I come home.'

"In the city, I'm a little person. I go to work, and I come home," says Miss Pilzys. She is expressing very simply the alienation that one has come to expect in a highly developed society, but that one is surprised to see here.

The Dakar Volunteer also encounters these big city problems in his work. He is often dealing with the sophisticated problems of a highly developed society, while at the same time, in the same country, the "bush" Volunteer is teaching equally important basic skills. The Dakar Volunteer is already working in the offices of the "skyscraper," while the "bush" Volunteer is building the foundation upon which this "skyscraper" must eventually stand or fall.

Often it's a case of letting the people in the "skyscraper" know what's happening down below.

In the hospital where she works with a Senegalese counterpart, Miss Pilzys tends to cases needing quick aid—usually financial. The poor who come in from the "bush" with no money or clothing, and who need help such as an artificial limb are the people she deals with. "My job is not only letting the people know what is available to them but also letting the government know what cases need help," she says.

Donald Patriss teaches English and Spanish in a non-sectarian private school organized by Canadian brothers. He says, "it is more important for me to be in the city than in the 'bush.' Here, I'm training an elite that is going to use the English I have taught, whereas in the 'bush,' many students can barely speak French."

The idea of teaching an elite sounds, at first, contrary to democratic Peace Corps goals. But, despite the undemocratic connotations the word "elite" may carry, it must be under-

He was 'white trash boy' in the slum

By **ROB REVELEY**

Kingston, Jamaica

"Peace Corps! My goodness, what are you and the Peace Corps doing in Jamaica?"

I'll invariably meet Tom Tourist after he has painted the town green with dollars and his reaction usually follows this line. For Kingston contradicts an American tourist's image of a Peace Corps site.

My initial concern was securing suitable housing. Instead of gathering enough bamboo and mud (more for image than protection) to build a hut, I scanned the daily newspaper for rooms to rent. After inspecting several elegant cement huts, I decided to board in a two-story colonial with six mango trees in the front yard. A happy choice because during mango season my colleague, Franklin Walker, and I can pick a midnight snack from our second-story window. The rent, which is twenty-two pounds ($61.60)—and that's substantially more than rural boarding rates—includes two meals a day, a cold shower, and maid and laundry service. My Jamaican "Mom" allows me the run of the household. The radio, television and phonograph are at my disposal and even a midnight raid on the refrigerator is acceptable.

This middle class neighborhood is near the corporate area. Downtown Kingston is easily accessible by bus—a short five-minute walk to the main bus route and a 20-minute bus ride. Four movie theaters, a dozen night clubs, and several good restaurants are within walking distance. In short, I am quite satisfied with both my living quarters and its location and I'd reject any idea of being considered a sufferer.

Every morning I leave my abode by bicycle and ride toward Western Kingston. As I coast downhill the neighborhood almost radically alters its appearance. Three blocks away I see Trench Town—the most densely populated slum area in Western Kingston, where at least one eighth of Jamaica's population subsists. Moonlight City, Back-O-Wall, Back Two, and Ghost Town (people were so pressured for living space that they moved into a graveyard)—each a malignant slum, each larger in area and population than most rural Jamaican towns, each expanding daily, and each situated in Western Kingston—lie enroute.

Twenty-five years ago under the auspices of the YMCA, Boy's Town—a project to develop human resources in a depressed, crowded, antagonistic area—was undertaken. Its motto, "We Build," expresses its philosophy to develop the physical, mental, and spiritual welfare of [illegible] young man. Today, Boy's Town continues to add to its earlier successes. Its primary school educates 625 boys

stood that in a country where there are not yet enough facilities to enforce the desired compulsory education, those who are educated form an elite. Only the fact that this elite will, in turn, aid in the development of the country and in so doing, will contribute to its own downfall as an elite, justifies our part in its formation.

I work in a school roughly equivalent to an American teacher's college, preparing English teachers for secondary schools. Like the other Dakar teachers, I concentrate on the oral method of language instruction. I sometimes think I'd rather live in the bush, but I couldn't do this job there. If I'm successful here, and if my students learn to use the oral-aural teaching methods, they will in turn affect many students each year. language laboratory. I don't think any teaching I could do in the bush would have such long range effects as my work here.

Brian Young, who spent his first year coaching in the southern region of Senegal, worked in a Dakar center for the rehabilitation of young delinquents—boys who had either been in some kind of trouble, or whose parents found that under the pressures of urban living they could no longer supervise or control their children. Much of the students' time at the center was spent learning mechanical or woodworking skills, and preparing for tests that would allow them to enter or re-enter the normal public education facilities. In addition to his coaching, Young taught English.

Most social workers, in fact, enter some form of teaching in their work, whether it be literacy, puericulture, nutrition or sewing. Rosalee Black was also working in a social center in Dakar. She, like many female Volunteers in community centers throughout the country, worked with women in health, nutrition and sewing. But unlike the "bush" Volunteers, she worked through a highly organized social center.

This connection with some sort of institution seems to be typical of the work of the Dakar Volunteer. For social workers, it's the hospital or the community center. For the teachers it is simply the school, the Order of the Sacred Heart, to which the Canadian brothers are attached, or UNESCO. The work situation of the Dakar Volunteer is clearly more highly structured, and is more likely to have regular hours and set duties. Where the creative energies of the "bush" Volunteer are concentrated on trying to set up a self-perpetuating institution that will satisfy a community need, the Dakar Volunteer finds the institution already created, and devotes his energies to working within the institution and improving it.

'Here in Dakar I know my neighbors, but they're French.'

In a world crying for communication the academic knowledge of a modern living language is not sufficient. Here my job is facilitated by a modern school, equipped with projectors, tape recorders and a 24-seat

VOLUNTEER *correspondent Gary Engelberg is no stranger to the city. He is from Brooklyn, N.Y. In Dakar, he helps train secondary school English teachers.*

and virtually every young man in Trench Town joins in the club's recreational activities.

My daily activities, which are physical education classes, coaching sessions, work projects, and literacy classes, become a means to an end—that being the establishment of rapport and communication with each individual I'm trying to help.

Actually, my daily activities are not much different from those of a rural Volunteer. However, the environment and people I must identify with are another matter. City people are more suspicious and less amiable. "Red man," "dirty yellow-belly white man," and "white trash boy" were a few epithets shouted my way as an introductory welcome. Acceptance did not come as a prewrapped, gift package, but I realized a consistent attitude would place time on my side. I decided before the verbal assaults became physical, I'd have a club member from Boy's Town guide me through the area. We walked and I talked until personal contact was established with one individual from each area. My expanding interests in the bordering areas harvested fruitful reactions. Word spread throughout Trench Town about Boy's Town's white man, but it took a full six months before "Hey, Red Man," became "Hi Rob!"

Naturally, without moments of frustration I would not be a Volunteer. Immediately I felt certain pressures working against my nature. Ruthlessness and violence [illegible]ed to appall me. I had expected to find desperate p[illegible]ple engaged in desperate activities, but it was still shocking. After a year, I'm convinced I'll never get used to it, but I have become somewhat adjusted, which enables me to function better than I did initially.

In retrospect, many frustrations have been nothing more than manifestations of my own inadequacies. City problems—mass unemployment, illiteracy, and poverty—reach such overwhelming dimensions that at times you can't help feeling all your efforts are in vain. There is so much you want to do but can't because the problems are so complex that many escape comprehension.

Most cities, especially Kingston, afford a wealth of social opportunities which allow you to rejuvenate and revitalize your determination and enthusiasm. For those moments of "why?, why?, why?," and "I can't understand," there's nothing more therapeutic than an afternoon at the beach or an evening at the movies. It's like stepping back from an abstract painting because you're too close to make an appraisal. Socially speaking, you can make a more lucid and valid self-appraisal.

My extracurricular activities range from enjoying Wednesday evening bridge to playing Sunday afternoon baseball. Again, the stress would be more on the people involved than on the specific activity. I, probably more than my rural counterpart, have frequent opportunities to move in all social levels and from personal experience, I can say that never have I associated with a more gregarious people.

Yes, there is action in the city—and, I'm pleased to say, the Peace Corps is in the center of action!

Volunteer Rob Reveley, a graduate of Muskingum College in Ohio, teaches physical education, coaching techniques and literacy in Kingston.

Teachers find it hard to break into city neighborhood life

By **OGDEN KNIFFIN JR.**

Monrovia, Liberia

My roommate told me that Volunteers in Monrovia don't get to know the Liberian people the way he did in the country. He had been stationed at two rural posts before coming to Monrovia, where I have been for 11 months. I couldn't argue with him because I didn't know enough about the village, but I could explain the value of Peace Corps work in the city. Although the Volunteers' activities may not be "image," they are vital to the role of the Peace Corps in Liberia and to the growth of Monrovia.

As the capital and industrial center of Liberia, Monrovia is virtually the only city of any size (an estimated 80,000 people) and the seat of government. It has a free port where all imports enter the country and it has more expatriates than any other section of the country. While Monrovia is developing rapidly, it is attempting to meet such urban problems as slums, unemployment and education. Because Monrovia has developed quickly, word has spread throughout the hinterland that it has job opportunities. Thousands of young men have come to the city in the past ten years hoping to get a good job. Unfortunately for them, Monrovia does not have a plethora of job openings, and there is certainly no work for unskilled, uneducated men.

If Liberians don't come to Monrovia in search of jobs, they come for education. Teenage Liberian boys with little or no schooling will often arrive in Monrovia seeking work and further education.

I am teaching in a school which offers young adults a chance to "learn book," something they were not able to do in their villages. But there are not enough schools to accommodate all the immigrants. Not only are such adult schools limited, the Monrovia elementary school system can provide for only one-half of the school-age population; there are not enough school buildings or qualified teachers. Even though Liberia's education department is working toward the improvement of the city's schools with the help of an Agency for International Development team, it has a limited budget. To ameliorate these problems, the Peace Corps has brought in teachers who are located in most public schools in Monrovia.

73 teach in capital

Seventy-three of a total of 400 Volunteers in Liberia teach full-time in Monrovia. Forty-five of these work at the elementary level, and the other 28 have assignments at junior high and high schools, at the University of Liberia, and in the Department of Education. In addition to these regular jobs, many of the teachers and public administration Volunteers work in government agencies, teach in schools for adults, secretarial schools and in night classes at the university.

The public administrators, a unique group of 18 Volunteers, are assigned to work in government agencies with a Liberian counterpart. Their role is to assist and to make suggestions to their co-workers on ways to improve working methods. In addition to their assigned administrative roles, these Volunteers have undertaken the supervision of construction work in their departments, and have helped procure the materials for this work.

Peace Corps involvement in Monrovia ranges beyond the schools, because the Volunteers have become concerned with many of the city's other problems. Monrovia is a city only in the sense that many people live in the same place. In other ways, such as municipal government and public services, Monrovia has only made beginnings. The city has had a municipal government for only a short time, and health service and garbage removal have been added only recently.

The Volunteers have stepped into communities, agencies and projects which attempt to cope with the city's problems. Last March, a group of Volunteers drew up a questionnaire to find out what Volunteers were doing, and what they thought should be done. The returns showed that the Volunteers were involved in many school projects, YMCA and sports activities, hospital and community work. Volunteers suggested that more work be done in community health, education and agencies in the city.

The problems of community work that Volunteers face in the city pose difficulties which are unfamiliar to rural Volunteers. The rural Volunteers meet the townspeople upon arrival and become accepted members of the community. A position as a teacher in a village generally insures respect. Volunteers will get to know the parents of their students, while the urban Volunteers seldom get to meet the parents of their students. Students in Monrovia do not attend school on a neighborhood basis, so that at one school students may come from many different parts of the city. Another problem for Monrovia Volunteers is housing; most find apartments the only suitable places to live. Since their apartments are a distance from the communities, the Volunteers are estranged from the people. Perhaps the only way they can "get into" a community is through an agency, such as the YMCA. Even so, the community has a variety of tribes, and

'Among Volunteers in Liberia the favorite choice for placement has been in the rural posts rather than the city ones. This is unfortunate.'

lacks the unity that prevails in an up-country village.

At present, I am working in West Point, one of Monrovia's poorest areas, and providing a chance for young boys to play football two or three times a week. The project is sponsored by the YMCA. Even though the project is modest, it was difficult at first to get the boys to come out to play, and it has been hard to develop community approval of the recreation program. The fishing people on the waterfront disapprove of using the beach as a football field. None of the parents has expressed approval. The variety of people jammed together and the newness of the city make it hard for the parents to know what is best for their children.

Comfortable but distant

Since Monrovia has movie theaters and fine restaurants, a Volunteer's life is more comfortable than it would be in the village. But the city presents problems to the urban Volunteer that a rural counterpart never has to face. Beyond school hours, he faces problems in meeting the people in the communities. Because he lives apart from the communities, he is a stranger who only visits them. And, because of the diversity of tribal people living together, there is little sense of community, just as there is little sense of city unity.

Among Volunteers in Liberia, the favorite choice for placement has been in the rural posts rather than the city ones. This is unfortunate, I think, because Monrovia presents a great challenge and opportunity to learn the problems existing in a rapidly developing city.

Ogden Kniffin Jr. teaches in a Monrovia school where young adults who migrate to the city "learn book." A correspondent for THE VOLUNTEER, *he is also co-editor of the Liberia newsletter, the* Peace Corps WO.

Urban setting complicated entry problems of new Volunteers

By **ANN FRIESEN**

Bombay, India

"In a city like Bombay one can see an occasional Western movie, eat in a nice restaurant or sip coffee in a sidewalk cafe. These activities may seem nice to the isolated village Volunteer, but they tend to draw him away from host country nationals, reduce motivation for learning the language and can even make him slightly schizophrenic."

Eric Souers expresses part of the dilemma of being a Volunteer in a cosmopolitan setting. He is one of 45 in the India 23 Urban Community Development program. The first UCD group in India, India 23's Volunteers arrived in January and have all been assigned to jobs in Bombay and its suburbs.

Their sites vary from institutions which deal with particular social problems to community centers which attempt to meet the diverse needs of a surrounding neighborhood.

Although social life can be pleasant, the Volunteers spent their first five months in Bombay trying to arrange for a food supply and other basic needs.

"My room had no cooking facilities, so at first I couldn't control my food and water supply," says Souers. Like 12 other Volunteers, he lives and works in an institution—a home for orphan children. In his case, the institution didn't want him to bring in a cook from the "outside." "I ordered a stove but found the waiting list was so long I would have to wait for three months to get it. So, I was forced to eat in nearby restaurants, which probably wasn't such a good idea." Taking every meal in *pakka*, health-inspected-and-approved restaurants, is impossible on a Peace Corps budget. Yet, eating in the *kacca*, not so clean ones, is a poor solution and a decided health risk.

Apart from a feeling of helplessness about lack of controlled food and water supply, the UCD Volunteers have had "more avoidable illness than any other group in the region," according to Dr. Noel Guillozet, Peace Corps physician for the area. The major troublemakers have been bacillary and amoebic dysentery, both spread through contaminated food or water.

"It was just too easy, with so many restaurants around, for us to put off making good arrangements for eating," another Volunteer admits.

Most Volunteers have by this time solved their food headaches. Some, like Eric Souers, finally have obtained cooking facilities for their rooms. Others have found cooks or arranged to have their meals delivered from a safe source.

Like food, housing is another necessity. Some Volunteers had initial difficulties with this, too. Many were located too far from their work sites. After looking for a flat five months, Carol Stockstill found an apartment five minutes from her job at a community center. "It isn't right in the Moslem community where I work, but at least if I want to entertain my friends from there, I can," she says.

"Housing is nearly impossible to find in this city," moans Frank Matri-

cardi. After a three-month search, he, Bill Weaver and Larry Compton settled for an apartment which is a bus or train ride from their work areas.

Others, like John and Becky Kavanagh, say their situation is "great." "We live right in our *chawl* (slum) area. It's ideal for getting to know the community," says Becky.

Another basic hurdle is language. Although any Volunteer needs to spend time becoming familiar with the language of his country, multilingual Bombay posed a special problem for some of the Hindi-trained Volunteers.

"Sure, you can get along with a few words of Hindi, but when important things start happening, people always switch to their native language," says John. They have a tutor for Marathi and meantime use an interpreter when needed for their milk distribution program.

"I can't hope to do anything in family planning until I've mastered Marathi," says Betsy Franzen. In addition to learning from one of the social workers at the Police Welfare Center, where she lives and works, she has a private language exchange going with a local student. "I teach him German, and he teaches me Marathi."

Apart from settling-in woes, questions and issues raised by the pace and makeup of the city itself loom large in Volunteers' minds.

"Bombay is a sophisticated city," says Bob Parta, one of several Volunteers in another group working in Bombay. "You probably could find the highest and the lowest incomes in India right here."

For the Volunteer, this often means that he has ready access to those at both extremes of the social and economic scale.

"Before we came, I was convinced that the Peace Corps works at the grassroots level in community development, but now, in the city, I see more to gain by working with the leaders that will be there to start and carry on programs after we leave. I think that's where change will be effective in Bombay," predicts Jim Zimmer.

"As long as you don't get caught up in the social life, I think it's a great advantage to have access to the wealthy class. In India, those are the social workers—the people with the money and influence to keep a project going," says Bob Ungerleider. His supervisor, the wife of a wealthy industrialist, owns and runs an institution for homeless boys.

"You've got to keep mobile," says Eric Souers, "and go up the social ladder to get support for projects. But then, remember to go down again or your projects will never reach the people they were intended for."

Along with contrasts in social-economic status, Bombay also offers a wealth of resources to the Volunteer interested in social welfare.

"A psychiatrist has said he'll train me to administer IQ and interest tests so I can use them in my vocational guidance program," says Souers. Later, with the help of a sympathetic member of the home's administration, he hopes to get a residential counselor to implement his project.

Other resources are schools of social work in the city. Some use them for reference purposes; one Volunteer plans to attend class. "I'm going to school two days a week at my supervisor's suggestion, to study casework," says Maryland Hartge, whose background is in anthropology.

Initially, most of the 45 taught English as a way to introduce themselves to their communities and institutions. Some have continued, but most have tried to work out into their own interest fields. The effort to find a meaningful role compatible with the idea of stimulating community action is an active force.

The limitations of working in an institution as compared to the broad scope offered by a "real" community was a major conflict for some Volunteers.

An urban conflict

"Sure I felt the conflict," acknowledges Souers. "But because I had been assigned here, I felt a certain responsibility to explore my institution's possibilities for a Volunteer."

Souers decided that for him, the definition of urban community development could be extended to include work in institutions.

For others, resolution of the same conflict was a little different. "At first I saw a definite role for a community developer in my *kendra* (neighborhood center)," says Bob Parta. After talking with the boys and the administrative committee, he identified a need for some kind of vocational guidance program.

"It was a matter of bringing community resources, like the State Employment Exchange, to the attention of my institution."

But for Parta, working in the limited structure of an institution wasn't fulfilling. A member of the New Jersey Bar Association, he had thought of trying to begin a legal aid society when he got to Bombay.

"I need to be in a neighborhood setting to make such a project effective," he explains. So he and five other Volunteers plan to move into a low-income community where this and other projects might be feasible.

Volunteers' tasks in institutions are often so structured that they feel confined. Volunteers in these settings are most concerned with creating some scope for themselves. By contrast, the Volunteers stationed at community centers are bewildered by the wide spectrum of possible activities open to them. Rather than too structured, their jobs are often so nebulous they may not know where to begin. There is no solidly entrenched procedure to fight; but at the same time, readily available support for their projects is often hard to get.

'Things go slow'

"Our center is supposed to be turned over to the people by next year, but the neighborhood committee is far from ready to run it," says Carol Stockstill.

The situation for some is even more unstructured. "Beyond setting up a milk program and having a lot of bonds of friendship, we haven't actually accomplished much," says Becky Kavanagh.

"First we need to get an idea of what the community really would like to do," says her husband, John. "It's slow but when you're working with people's minds and attitudes, things go slow."

Some of a Bombay Volunteer's problems are similar to those of Volunteers all over the world. Others, such as socio-economic diversity and an almost distracting number of resources, may be peculiar to a city like Bombay.

Although it is premature to predict their impact on the environment, Volunteers definitely feel the influence of the urban setting. As one of them says, "We have to make our peace with the city."

Ann Friesen is an urban community development Volunteer in Bombay. Through an institution in the city, she works with women who have family or social problems.

Facing tribal barriers

By **GEOFFREY MORRIS**

Freetown, Sierra Leone

The 45 Volunteers in this bustling West African capital are caught between the progressive strides of nationalism and modernization and the invariable accompaniments of unemployment, poverty and slums that come with urbanization and rapid progress.

Their situation is further complicated by a rigid tribal structure consisting of tightly knit groups clinging to strong family ties. These include the Mende, Temne, Fula and Krio groups, and while the Krio are not bound by a tribal structure they have formed another intrinsic society which holds itself above other groups and maintains ties with the educated elite.

The irony of Freetown is that the Volunteer is placed in a structured society in an unstructured urban complex. In confronting this situation, the new Volunteer teacher especially finds it difficult to understand the social structure, to adapt to it, and to function within it, especially outside the classroom.

Thus the Volunteer often reverts to his fellow Volunteers for morale boosting and understanding.

Although the Volunteer may feel that he is not fulfilling a need in his post-job hours in the city, there can be no doubt that he is needed within the city schools. The schools in the Freetown area teach more than 40 per cent of all the students in the country. Most of the school's extra-curricular activities—athletics, drama societies and so forth—are handled by Volunteers. Also, many of the Volunteers' Sierra Leonean counterparts have families which take up their after-school time.

There are vast differences between urban and rural schools. The Freetown schools are usually better equipped and enjoy higher prestige. Municipal schools attract students from the entire country.

Disadvantages also accompany attendance at Freetown schools. Students often live with relatives or guardians who expect work in return for tuition and board. This work often occupies all of the students' free time. This, combined with poor study facilities in overcrowded homes, makes studying and homework difficult.

Discipline problems are acute in the larger city schools. They can be shattering to a new Volunteer and frustrating to a veteran. Administering corporal punishment to offenders is an experience that most Volunteers do not relish.

Extra projects in the city vary from individual to group efforts; from adult literacy classes to construction work. The main problem is determining the greatest needs from among the many needs of the city.

One Volunteer conducts literacy classes for more than 150 adults. The students "graduate" when they are able to read the local newspaper. While the work is progressing well, the Volunteer would like to see more of his Sierra Leonean counterparts help.

Another Volunteer supervises the construction of a recreation area for the only mental hospital in Sierra Leone. Hospital inmates are building the area, with financial support from the Agency for International Development. The Volunteer receives technical aid from the government, and when they are in the city, rural Volunteers often assist in the work.

In addition, six Volunteers have worked as program planners and group leaders for the Freetown YMCA during the past school year. Operating two "city" chicken farms and coaching a basketball team are other activities.

Projects in Freetown are aided by easy access to building and educational materials and expert advice. But the Volunteer who seeks such aid must first make the proper contacts, understand the situation, and try to get other Volunteers interested in his project.

For social life, the Volunteer can view two-year old movies at either of Freetown's two cinemas, visit bars, go to the beach, stay home and read or socialize with other Volunteers. Social dependence on other Volunteers cannot be understated. One reason may be housing; Volunteers are placed by their schools in localities which are within walking distance of other Volunteers' homes.

Freetown Volunteers often ask themselves why they are not in the bush where the schools are understaffed and the surroundings more like the publicized "image" of the Peace Corps. The answer to this question, in my opinion, lies in the fact that the cities comprise the nucleus of the West African countries. The Volunteer should be at the nucleus helping in any way he can. If he can't break into the present class structure of the city, he can at least help in the building of the new one.

Geoffrey Morris, a VOLUNTEER *correspondent, has been teaching English in Freetown for the past year.*

Job is an isolating factor

By **HARVEY M. CLAYTON**

Accra, Ghana

Accra, the capital of the West African nation of Ghana, is a very old and sprawling city of some 400,000 people, situated on the Gulf of Guinea. It is noted on the oldest maps of the Gold Coast, as Ghana was called before its independence in 1957. But the earliest references to the city identify it by its various sections—not until the middle of the 19th century is it referred to by one name. And therein, I think, lies a key to

the city even today—it still lacks any great sense of cohesiveness or unity.

People who live here use the word "Accra" to refer to the central business area only; other sections of the city are known by different names. Basically, Accra is a city of many communities grown together at the edges and loosely connected by a few main roads.

Although Tema, some 18 miles to the east, will soon be the industrial center of the nation, Accra remains the most important city in Ghana, largely because it is the nucleus of the administrative and financial activity. It is a fast-growing, bustling city that sports three good cinemas, two nightclubs and three excellent hotels; it was the site of the last meeting of the Organization of African Unity, and all of the government offices are here. It is also one of the four cities in the country with a railroad terminal and the only one with an international airport.

Life in Accra is therefore rather far removed from the traditional life of the villages in the bush. A city of such size and diversity is difficult to come to grips with, and no one description of it is quite adequate. My job as a secondary school teacher tends to isolate me from what is going on even in the city. Because of the character of my school and its location, any significant degree of community involvement is very difficult.

The area around the school is certainly not typical of the rest of the city: within a few minutes' walk of the school are Flagstaff House, five embassies, a number of ambassadors' residences, one of the city's two best hotels and the Peace Corps office. The school is surrounded by a housing estate for upper-income families.

The nature of the school itself tends to underline the non-Ghanaian characteristics of this affluent community—it's a small Roman Catholic day school, run by an American headmaster and taught by a staff that is more than two-thirds expatriate. Due to the shortage of housing, there are no Ghanaian staff members living on the compound, and since there is no dormitory, there are no resident students either. After the school day is over, there are only expatriates in the compound.

Living conditions at the school are, in Peace Corps jargon, "adequate but not pretentious." Another Peace Corps Volunteer and I share a small bungalow in the middle of a cornfield in the compound; it is a simple house with plain concrete floors and modest furniture. We live without a steward and do our own cooking and cleaning. Because of the recent rainy season, the paths to the house have become little more than tracks of mud, and the weeds must be continually cut back. Only recently has electricity been installed in the house, though the school has had it for some time.

My job as a Peace Corps Volunteer is not appreciably affected by what goes on outside the compound, since the schoolwork keeps me busy most of the time. My contact with Ghanaians outside the classroom is mostly limited to the school laborers and to the mammies from whom I buy chop. I find that English is perfectly adequate for accomplishing my purposes, though Ghanaians seem very pleased with the little vernacular I still remember.

There are plenty of opportunities for social life, but I find that I take advantage of only a few of them.

Dancing is available at various times and in various places, and, of course, there's always the chance for a beer. Most of my evenings, however, are spent making preparations for the next day, though occasionally I go to a movie.

In an environment like this, constant effort is required to maintain any contact with the Ghanaian community. Certainly this situation isn't what I expected it to be, since most of the official Peace Corps literature —and THE VOLUNTEER is a real villain here—seems to stress the out-there-amongst-them spirit. One could hardly call this job an "image" one.

In fact, I think that my position as a secondary school teacher in Accra tends to isolate me from Ghanaian life in two ways: first, because the large city I live in is not representative of the nation; and second, because my job as a secondary school teacher tends to remove me from what is going on even in the city.

Harvey M. Clayton has been a Volunteer teacher in Accra for the past year.

LETTERS

Manpower knowledge

TO THE VOLUNTEER:

When Volunteers leave, some nationals should be able to take their places and say, "This is ours now; not the Americans'!" To be able to leave most of what we have done in the hands of the country's people instead of in the hands of an entire new regiment of Volunteers is what I think most people hold as an important goal. To realize this goal, staff must be sure we are given a national counterpart as our most important resource.

There is a fallacy that if one has a skill he can use it in a developing nation. In some fields, where a middle-level worker is dependent upon a more highly trained person to satisfactorily complete or direct his job, what can he do without that person? If the country cannot supply the highly educated person and Peace Corps doesn't, why send a skilled person to either waste his special knowledge or train more such people who will be without work?

At present I am working in just such a middle-level position in the provinces as an X-ray technician while there are trained nationals in the capital city who are out of work. In this field, too many in-between people have been trained, but there are not enough highly educated personnel for all of us to work under. In some areas this can happen easily, for the middle man can be educated in a relatively short time. Therefore, the staff must be sensitive to how many the system can absorb. Staff must become more familiar not only with the types of jobs for which Volunteers are requested, but also to the future ability of the host country to use the fruits of our labor.

LINDA R. ROGERS

Makele, Ethiopia

Turned bitter

TO THE VOLUNTEER:

Michael Hone's suggestion for a one-year Peace Corps is the best ever. I had all I could take after one year, but couldn't summon the courage to quit. As a result, those last few agoniz-

ing months turned me into a completely, irretrievably embittered individual. Now whenever I speak to a group about my Peace Corps experiences, I tear my host country to pieces. If I learn of some poor slob who's thinking of joining up, I pounce on him and try to nip his illusions in the bud. The whole two years come back to me as a monstrous nightmare. At the end of one year I was still mentally well-balanced. Had I had a graceful way to extricate myself then, I wouldn't be the angry, hateful cynic that I am today.

MARILYN MAGNUSKI
Returned Volunteer
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Grateful to staff

TO THE VOLUNTEER:

Here in the bush, I drew much joy from the fact that the Peace Corps administration was 400 long miles away. I thought that it was all very comfortable—a well thought out scheme.

I was here. They were 400 miles away and I was determined not to bother them if they would only leave me in peace. In fact, if they all had vanished from the face of the earth, I would have been the last to complain.

Well, I now sing a new tune. I recently returned to the U.S. on emergency leave and now I sing the praises of the Peace Corps administration. Everything from the method of notification to the travel arrangements, to the individual expressions of sympathy of the staff was much more than I could have asked.

Now I'm back in the bush, but I thank God that all those wonderful people are in Dar es Salaam, only 400 miles away.

MARK RAYMAKER
Malangali, Tanzania

Hostels needed.

TO THE VOLUNTEER:

Only a Volunteer knows the relief that comes from occasionally "getting away" from his location to recuperate from the tensions that were building up inside him, and especially to meet other Volunteers and exchange ideas, to gripe, and to talk about other things we could not or cannot discuss with our hosts.

The fact that hostels are adminis-

Memorandum

TO : The field DATE: September, 1966
FROM : The editors
SUBJECT: Localizing the numbers game

The Peace Corps does not bend, fold or mutilate its 743 Volunteers in Nigeria, but for the first time it is handling some in-country business with them by computer. In a plan devised by Brother Leo V. Ryan, deputy country director, the Peace Corps leases computer time from the IBM service bureau in Lagos to take care of their payroll and addressograph duties. Brother Leo, formerly with Loyola University in Chicago, said the computerized efficiency project has put some Volunteers into a dither over "the new impersonality of bureaucratic administration" and that he often has to allay worries about becoming a "number on a tape." He added that the program was run by former Volunteer Duane Hudson, who is employed by IBM.

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Social notes: the May issue of the Afghanistan newsletter reported two Volunteer marriages, two engagements and two births. One of the babies was pictured on the cover with a note from father Ken Lamke: "Conceived in Afghanistan and dedicated to the proposition that all babies are created at great expense." The Lamkes are former Volunteers now living in Milwaukee.

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Attention Peace Corps herpetologists! If you have any leftover snakes, Navy Commander John F. Kurfess would like to know about them. As an amateur reptile student for the past 35 years, aviator Kurfess has amassed a basement collection of live snakes, and he also collects for zoos. He prefers them alive, rare and nonpoisonous, and figures Volunteers might lead him to them. If you have a snake, or know about one, write him at 4201 Hatton Court, Alexandria, Va. He requests that you write about it before you mail it.

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What's in a name? Plenty, if you're a VISTA official and concerned about establishing a viable agency image. VISTA is the acronym for Volunteers In Service To America, but from the start it was tagged "the domestic Peace Corps." Its director, Glenn Ferguson, has a reverse twist on that name game. He's referring to the Peace Corps as "the overseas VISTA." Ferguson, who used to be the Peace Corps director in Thailand, reports that 20 per cent of the VISTA staff consists of Peace Corps alumni.

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Records department: If he wasn't the tallest Peace Corps Volunteer in history when he joined two years ago, Steve Belser could at least lay claim to the title when he came out this year. Belser went to Brazil at 6 feet 9¾ inches tall; he returned this summer at a height of 6 feet 11¾ inches.

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We never did find the name of Red Ryder's horse for the five "camp" Volunteers in Ecuador. But we did find some uncamp Volunteers in Erumapelty, India. They wrote us: "To hell with the horse—who is Red Ryder?"

trative burdens—is this the Volunteer's fault? The fault, I believe, lies in the administrative inefficiency of the Peace Corps staff, yet we would be the ones to be punished.

Occasionally or frequently, depending on the case, Volunteers who live in a small town or village outside of a big city will come in on the weekends, and I don't blame them, even if I am not in that situation. Furthermore, even if a few Volunteers abuse a Peace Corps hostel, should we, the vast majority, suffer because of the minority?

DONALD VARN

Chandigarh, India

Who dodges what?

To THE VOLUNTEER:

Tim Kraft (THE VOLUNTEER, July) gives the impression the Peace Corps is the easy out in a choice between Peace Corps and military service. I'm optimistic enough to believe that most of the next 50 years will be spent in peace. During such a time military service isn't such a bad deal: it offers specialized training, advancement, a chance of a trip to Europe, and so on, plus excellent chances to be a "bland" soldier. The military has much more to offer in the way of material gain and easy living conditions than the Peace Corps.

I can't think of a better reason for being in the Peace Corps than because one objects to war. There are also those who flee the military in order to avoid the possibility of being killed. This seems a rather strong and not altogether ignoble motivation. Ah, but what will happen to such avoidance motives in the field where there is little supervision? Probably the same thing that happens to everyone else with imperfect motives. The pacifist will forsake the party in the capital to go to the council meeting at his site just as the Volunteer who joined for other motives would. He who fears for his life isn't any more likely to complain about his site than the Volunteer who wants "something different" from his two years in the Peace Corps.

It's also very difficult to live at a Peace Corps site for two years and do nothing. Few people can vegetate that long on an allowance which forces you to subsist. Even with a book locker there isn't much to do besides work. This work may be slight: a kitchen garden, people brushing their teeth, and so forth, but I am under the impression that a slight social change is as valuable as large, visible projects, that highly motivated people are less likely to succeed in this slow change process because of the frustration involved, and that no single individual can bring about a great deal of this type of change.

JOHN HOWARD

Kalaghatgi, India

KIPCHOGE KEINO, Kenya's famous four-minute miler, stopped by Volunteer Richard Boylan's high school at Kiganjo to give the students a few tips on running. Keino is in the sweat suit at right center; Boylan is at left center.

Recipes wanted

The Peace Corps is assembling a cookbook and needs recipes from Volunteers.

The cookbook will contain recipes of foods from other lands, and contributors are asked to submit anecdotal material—tips for cooks, descriptions of how the food is prepared in the host country, and cooking customs in the land where the dish originates.

The book will be distributed to Volunteers, and will also be available to the public. If you have a recipe to contribute, send it to Mary Hoyt, Division of Public Information, Peace Corps, Washington, D.C. 20525.

Balch to Manila

Richard L. Balch, a former All-America quarterback at Union College, Schenectady, N.Y., has been appointed Peace Corps director for the Philippines. He succeeds Maurice Bean, a former deputy director of the Far East Region, who has been director in Manila for the past two years.

Balch, 47, was graduated from Union in 1941. Most of his career has been in university administrative work, primarily in California. Most recently he was director of development of Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts.

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